Nihil Obstat:
JOANNES FITZPATRICK, M.A., D.D.,
*Censor Dep.*

Imprimi Potest:
✠EDUARDUS J. BYRNE,
*Archiep. Dublinen.*

# PASSIONIST ALMANAC

## MARCH 1938

| DATE | | FEAST | ANNIVERSARIES OF DECEASED PASSIONISTS |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Tues. | Octave of the Passion. | V. Rev. Fr. Paul Mary (Pakenham), C.P.—1857. |
| 2 | Wed. | ASH WEDNESDAY | Bro. Mark (Cagney), C.P.—1914. |
| 3 | Thurs. | Feria. | Rev. Fr. Pancras (Byrne), C.P.—1930. |
| 4 | Fri. | The Sacred Pillar of the Scourging. | |
| 5 | Sat. | Feria. | Rev. Fr. Constantine (Gregory), C.P.—1883. |
| 6 | SUN. | ✠1st SUNDAY OF LENT. | |
| 7 | Mon. | St. Thomas of Aquin, C.D. | Bro. James (Connor), C.P.—1909. |
| 8 | Tues. | St. John of God, C. | Rev. Fr. Pius (Carolan), C.P.—1930. |
| 9 | Wed. | St. Frances of Rome, W. (Quarter Tense). | Bro. Henry (McGrath), C.P.—1935. |
| 10 | Thurs. | The Forty Martyrs. | Bro. Kevin (Kavanagh), C.P.—1924. |
| 11 | Fri. | The Sacred Crown of Thorns. | Conf. Edward (Fagan), C.P.—1883. |
| 12 | Sat. | St. Gregory I, P.C.D. | Conf. Theodore (Gavin), C.P.—1890. |
| | | | Rev. Fr. Paulinus (Barton), C.P.—1917. |
| 13 | SUN. | ✠2nd SUNDAY OF LENT. | |
| 14 | Mon. | Feria. | Rev. Fr. Felix (Hawarden), C.P.—1936. |
| 15 | Tues. | St. Longinus, M. | Rev. Fr. Marcellinus (Pini), C.P.—1847. |
| 16 | Wed. | Feria. | Rev. Fr. Edwin (Gavin), C.P.—1890. |
| 17 | Thurs. | ✠ST. PATRICK, B.C, APOSTLE OF IRELAND. H.O. | Rev. Fr. Linus (O'Reilly), C.P.—1895. |
| 18 | Fri. | The Lance and the Nails. | Rev. Fr. Wilfrid (Priestman), C.P.—1868. |
| 19 | Sat. | ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF UNIVERSAL CHURCH. | Rev. Fr. Francis (Bamber), C.P.—1883. |
| | | | Rev. Fr. Ildephonsus (Gartland), C.P.—1895. |
| 20 | SUN. | ✠3rd SUNDAY OF LENT. | |
| 21 | Mon. | St. Benedict, Abbot. | Rev. Fr. Michael (Watts-Russell), C.P.—1912. |
| 22 | Tues. | Feria. | Bro. Anselm (Motteram), C.P.—1934. |
| 23 | Wed. | Feria. | |
| 24 | Thurs. | ST. GABRIEL, Archangel. | Rev. Fr. Laurence (Kieran), C.P.—1920. |
| 25 | Fri. | ANNUNCIATION OF OUR BLESSED LADY. | Bro. Andrew (Smith), C.P.—1848. |
| 26 | Sat. | The Good Thief, C. | Bro. Joseph (Van Riet), C.P.—1889. |
| 27 | SUN. | ✠4th SUNDAY OF LENT. | |
| 28 | Mon. | St. John Capistran, C. | Bro. Edward (Carolan), C.P.—1926. |
| 29 | Tues. | St. Nicodemus, M. | |
| 30 | Wed. | Feria. | Rev. Fr. Aloysius (Bamber), C.P.—1869. |
| 31 | Thurs. | Feria. | |

Abbreviations: H.O.—Holiday of Obligation. B.—Bishop. C.—Confessor. D.—Doctor. V.—Virgin. W.—Widow.

## CONTENTS


| | | Pag |
|---|---|---|
| EDITORIAL NOTES | *The Managing Editor* | 462 |
| BUILDING THE NEW SPAIN | *Michael Ermon* | 464 |
| PILGRIMAGE TO LISIEUX | *Nora Macdonnell* | 467 |
| THE FAILURE OF BILL | *Vin Manning* | 471 |
| VISTA FROM MONT ST. MICHEL | *Sir Edward Grigg, M.P.* | 475 |
| SPOTLIGHT | | 477 |
| THE JUBILEE OF A.D. 1600 | *Rev. Martin Dempsey* | 479 |
| "JESU XPI PASSIO" | *Rev. Fr. Hubert, C.P.* | 482 |
| EL GRECO AND HIS ART | *Francis Dickie* | 484 |
| PRIEZ POUR PAIX (*Poem*) | *B. C. Boulter* | 489 |
| THE GOLDEN LADDER | *A. N. Wrightson* | 490 |
| MODERN HERMITS | *Anthony Dempsey* | 492 |
| RED CANDLE | *L. Daly* | 494 |
| PASSIONIST MISSIONS AND RETREATS | *Rev. James C. Ward* | 499 |
| THE FAITH OF ROSAMUND (*Serial*) | *Annie M. P. Smithson.* | 500 |
| ST. JOSEPH | | 502 |

PASSIONIST NEWS, QUESTION BOX, GUILD OF ST. GABRIEL.

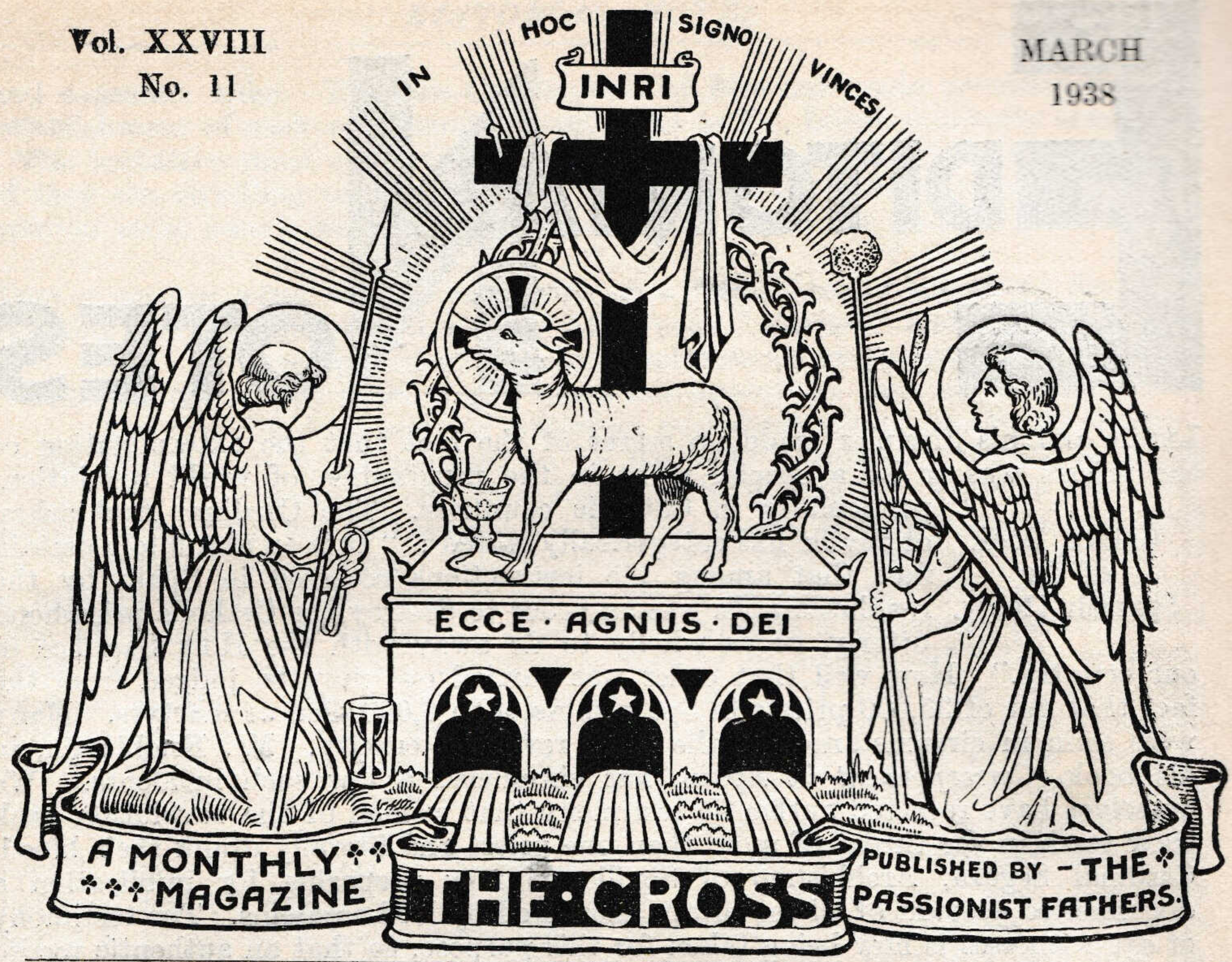
St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, Passionist.

*Born* : March 1st, 1838.
*Beatified* : May 31st, 1908.

*Died* : February 27th, 1862.
*Canonised* : May 13th, 1920.

Vol. XXVIII
No. 11

MARCH
1938




**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| One Year | (*post free*) | 5/6 |
| Two Years | „ „ | 10/6 |
| Five Years | „ „ | £1 1s. |

**Advertising Rates on Application**

**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED**

Correspondence should be addressed to THE EDITOR, *THE CROSS*, Mount Argus Dublin, S.W. 7. Telephone : Dublin 91469.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to *THE CROSS*.

The Editor will be pleased to consider MSS., with a view to publication. MSS. should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

# Centenary of St. Gabriel (1838-1938)

**On March 1st, 1838, to Sante and Teresa Possenti at Assisi, a son was born who received in baptism that self-same day the name of Francis. But it is as St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows that we know him to-day. His Feast is honoured by the Universal Church, and devotion to him has spread far and wide beyond the sunny shores of his native Italy to the most distant lands.**

**His short life as a Passionist lasted only six years, yet in that brief time he scaled the most lofty summits of the mount of prayer ; and thus communing with God, he gained with unparalleled swiftness the aureola of sanctity. In obedience to his own request before his death, his spiritual notebooks were destroyed, and a priceless heritage was lost to the world for ever. But the example of his life is a better record than any written word, and the power of his intercession before the Throne of God is evidenced by the many miracles attributed to his invocation.**

**To the youth of to-day the figure of St. Gabriel is an inspiration and an encouragement. He was buffeted by the same storms of temptation which they daily experience, yet his spirit rose above them, serene and untrammelled, like the lofty mountain of Gran Sasso that guards his shrine. He tasted the pleasures of the world, and in them he found only "vanity and vexation of spirit." Devotion to Mary was his safeguard, and a consuming love for Christ Crucified the source of his sanctity. Inspired by his example, the youth of to-day who take St. Gabriel as their model may yet reap a similar reward : the salvation of their souls and a place in the Kingdom of God.**

Fr. Edmund, C.P.

# EDITORIAL NOTES

**Golden Book of the Spanish Clergy.**

LENIN and his disciples made no secret of the fact that the extermination of the priests was to be a special point in the programme of world revolution, particularly in Catholic countries. The Cardinal Archbishop of Seville has categorically stated : " It is an absolutely certain fact that among the instructions received in Spain by the revolutionaries was an order to destroy the Catholic priesthood utterly, so as wholly to do away with the Holy Sacrifice in our country." How well that order was carried out may be judged from the fact that out of 35,000 priests in Spain more than 6,000 died as martyrs. Many were slain in circumstances of the most revolting cruelty. Mr. Knoblaugh, in his book, *Correspondent in Spain*, has chronicled a few such incidents. We ourselves have received authentic testimony that women of the revolution sank their teeth in the throat of more than one priest and literally drank their blood. Cardinal Segura, Archbishop of Seville, is now preparing for publication a documented account of all the priests murdered by Red assassins. The testimony of eye-witnesses is now being taken for this purpose, so that an authentic record may remain for all time of a persecution equalled only by those endured by the primitive Church of the catacombs. " These admirable examples of priestly virtue " declares His Eminence, " must never be erased from our memories, but must be faithfully transmitted for the edification of our successors in the sacred ministry." Following the example of the early Church, memorial tablets—commemorating the manner and date of their death—will be placed in all churches whose priests have been murdered by the Reds.

* * * * *

**Vocational Groups for Industry.**

UNHESITATINGLY we add our voice to the eloquent plea of Rev. Dr. Lucey, Maynooth College, for the establishment of vocational groups in industry. The famous Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* has insisted upon the need for such vocational organisation in any scheme of social reform. There are many widespread misconceptions regarding the scope of these vocational groups. They are not synonymous with Fascism, for as Dr. Lucey has pointed out " the true vocational group is a democratic institution, and being non-political, can flourish under any form of government." They do not constitute a menace to trades-unionism ; for instead of superseding the unions they actually presuppose their existence and extend the scope of their activities. Neither are they a menace to private ownership or a veiled form of State capitalism, for they by no means deprive proprietors of the ownership or management of their businesses. Essentially the vocational group unites all those, both employers and workers, engaged in the same branch of industry. Equal representation should be given to both classes, as the delegates would be nominated on a fifty-fifty basis, one half representing the employers' federations, the other half the trades unions whose members were employed in that particular branch of industry. By emphasising and promoting the common interests of workers and employers the group-system acts as a powerful antidote to the Marxist doctrine of class warfare. It also promotes the general welfare by a planned economy in the interest of producer

and consumer alike. The new Constitution of Eire has made provision for the establishment of such vocational groups. But as Dr. Lucey pointedly remarks: "The initiative must come from the employers and the workers themselves." If they are unwilling to act on a policy that leads to peace in industry, public opinion must assert itself and compel them to act in the general good.

* * * * *

**The Church and the Worker.**

THIS is an age when slogans and catch-cries form a ready substitute for clear thinking and straightforward action. The words "Fascist" and "Communist" are applied with reckless indifference by people who can hardly spell them aright, much less apprehend their significance. Not so long ago, an American periodical coined the bright slogan: "It's Intelligent to be Radical!" which has about as much meaning as "It's Right to be Wrong!" Perhaps the commonest accusation levelled against the Church to-day is that it has allied itself to "reaction" (can anyone define "reaction"—another slogan!); that it is a bulwark of capitalism, that it has shown little sympathy with the workers. The whole history of the Church gives the lie to such a monstrous perversion of truth—but how can twenty centuries of history be compressed into a sentence or a paragraph. The great Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI show the practical concern of the Vicar of Christ for the needs of the dispossessed, the down-trodden and the homeless. But have the great lessons of the Supreme Pontiffs reached those for whom they are intended? And if not—whose fault is it? Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, in a characteristically frank speech, apportioned some of the blame to selfish employers of labour, who have flattered the Church by calling it a great Conservative force, and have then asked it to act as a police force whilst they paid out a miserable pittance to their workers. His Eminence gave clear warning that that day was past for ever. "Our place is beside the poor" he said, "behind the working-men. They are our people; they build our churches; they occupy our pews; our priests come from their sons. They look to us for leadership, but they look to us too for support. And when I speak of the Church I mean not only our clergy: I mean the great body of our Catholic laymen." Here is a clarion-call to action, a clear lead for future alignment. Will it be acted upon?

* * * * *

**Tribulation in Germany.**

THERE is no use disguising the fact that things are in a very bad way with the Church in Germany. A relentless persecution, not so bloody as that which is raging in Russia or in Red Spain, is pressing with ever-greater intensity against the very foundations of Germany's ancient Christian culture. An American observer, writing in *The Month* some time ago threw a lurid light upon the tortures to which prisoners are subjected in the Nazi State, where the overcrowded prisons can only be excelled in outrage by the notorious penal settlements of the Soviet. The ban upon German pilgrims who wish to attend the forthcoming Eucharistic Congress at Budapest is only one of the milder manifestations of the midsummer madness that has deranged those in charge of the destinies of Germany. More serious is the progressive closing-down of Catholic schools throughout the Reich, the regimentation of Catholic youth into the Nazi battalions, the ceaseless and relentless pressure upon any and every manifestation of vital Catholic life. The much-publicised "immorality" trials are now known to have been mainly cases of Catholic ex-soldiers who had sought admission to various religious Brotherhoods, but who had been dismissed after a few months' trial as unworthy or unsuitable, without ever having taken the vows of religion. It seems incredible that in this twentieth century State-idolatry and the worship of the race should be offered as a worthy substitute for Christianity and the worship of God. But incredible or not, it is a fact.

# Building the New Spain

MICHAEL ERMON

*In General Franco's Spain the furtive glances of two years ago have disappeared and public morale is exceedingly high. Food is cheap and abundant; the cost of living has not gone up. The writer of this article has an intimate knowledge of Spain* ::

NO Spaniard worthy of the name ever yet did anything by halves. He deals in absolutes and detests compromise. Apply these sentiments to religion and politics and already you are well on the way to understanding the basic causes of the civil war. In Spain there are no gradations. Great riches mingle with dire poverty; intense heat gives place to petrifying cold; formidable mountain ranges arise from arid plains; extreme Conservatism shares the stage with Anarchism, Syndicalism and Communism.

The race which inhabits the Peninsula is not homogeneous. The Catalan is as different from the Andaluce as is the Celt from the Saxon. The Basque has few ties with the Valenciano. The Gallego is half a Portuguese.

The country is now racked by its third civil war. Each side is straining every nerve to exterminate the other. Men advance in the teeth of the remorseless machine-gun to meet their fate with a serenity, indifference and dignity which dumbfounds and saddens the spectator whom circumstances have called to witness the drama of the battlefield. What is the meaning of it all? When will the cup of bitterness be drained? And what of the future?

If the future is still undefined, the past and the present are at least open to analysis. The past must be mentioned briefly, because without it there is no background on which to sketch the present or outline the future. The past is in itself an enormous subject, but there is one aspect of it which no well-wisher of Spain can withstand the temptation to reiterate, and that is that the Government of the so-called Frente Popular of February, 1936, did not represent a majority in the country. In spite of intense propaganda; in spite of intimidation; and in spite of the farcical way in which the voting in many centres was conducted the Right and Centre parties polled 500,000 more votes than the Left. This fact should never be forgotten. It is the best of many good answers with which to refute the grossest and crudest of lies, namely that the responsibility for the war rests upon a few disgruntled officers and monarchists.

Only those who lived in Spain between February and July 1936, are competent to judge the hideous circumstances of life during those benighted months. Law, order and decency were swept as by a cyclone out of the lives of millions of citizens. Young women hesitated to walk abroad unaccompanied; private houses were assaulted; gangs of youths hurried through the streets at night bent upon some dastardly enterprise. The Cortes was like a bear-garden. Deputies brandished revolvers, hurled invective at members of the Right who criticised the Government, vowed their assassination, and blasphemed their creed.

When the army at last intervened it was because it was compelled to assume once again its traditional and necessary role of rescuing the country from the machinations of political bandits and charlatans. The army was immediately reinforced by thousands of volunteers, and grew from a nucleus of about fifteen thousand men who first crossed from Africa to something in the region of four hundred thousand by the end of the first year. So much for the handful of recalcitrant officers.

The war has now been in progress for one year and seven months, and General Franco's territory covers seven-tenths of the Spanish peninsula. His

military victories have perhaps overshadowed his achievements in the domain of social reorganisation, but these have been considerable and are worthy of attention.

To the observer who knew Spain under the Republic and who knows it now, the most striking evidence of social well-being is to be gathered from the demeanour of General Franco's citizens. The furtive glances of two years ago have disappeared : public morale is exceedingly high ; moroseness and incivility in the behaviour of public officials has given place to civility, good humour and despatch. Food is cheap and abundant ; the cost of living has not gone up ; beggars are cared for, and no longer harry the wayfarer in the streets.

All the usual departments of government which function in a civilized state have been inaugurated at Salamanca and Burgos, as well as others such as the *Reforma Agraria*, which though in existence under the Republic, had not marched very far in the practical side of land redistribution. The purpose and title of this department of state is analogous to our own Land Commission, though under the Republic its methods of doing business were those of a highwayman. Landowners were despoiled of their property without compensation, and employers of farm labour were compelled by decree to take on extra hands in addition to the normal number of workmen which the size of the farm was able to support.

Agrarian reform is one of the most important questions which the conscience of New Spain will have to resolve. In agrarian evolution the country was behind the rest of Europe, and the land, the truest form of wealth, was concentrated in the hands of a few. But the problem is not merely one which can be settled by simple arithmetic and the construction of boundary fences. A great deal of State aid will be required to equip the country with agricultural machinery and a modern technique. Of these two cardinal necessities, the latter will prove the more difficult to realise, because by disposition the Spanish peasant is the implacable enemy of change.

The country is potentially one of the richest agricultural regions in Europe, if not in the world. Of its twenty-four million inhabitants nearly two-thirds live on the land. It embraces every variety of climate and is therefore capable of producing almost every article of diet used by the human race. In the district of the Sierra Nevada for example, one finds the vegetation common to the regions of perpetual snow, while less than thirty miles away the tropical sugar-cane plantations are a feature of the countryside.

By a recent decree of the Salamanca government the State is appointed sole purchaser of the entire wheat crop at a uniform price. This legislation is but a forerunner of much that will follow in connection with agricultural reform.

In the sphere of cultural life, a new body styled the Institute of Spain has been formed at Salamanca. It consists of a corporation of the academies of Physical Science, Languages, Fine Arts, History, Natural Science and Medicine. The Institute will also undertake the editing of text-books to be used in schools, doubtless with a view to expunging Marxist doctrine and allied philosophies which have been responsible for bringing so much suffering to the country. The first President of this Institute will be Don Manuel de Falla, the well-known composer.

When one seeks to probe the future trend of the new Spain's politics one is entering at once upon uncharted seas. General Franco's victory in the field seems already assured ; but when the rifle is exchanged for the plough it will be vital also to exchange the rancour of the battlefield for the spirit of brotherhood and peace. Something more than mere goodwill will be required, something in the nature of a change of heart and a willingness to renounce prejudice will be necessary. Otherwise there is no hope for Spain. Highly gifted as a race, the individual Spaniard is too prone to regard life through the eyes of an idealist. He is too prone to over-simplify every one of life's problems. He sees only two

colours: black and white; he detests compromise; the middle way is anathema to him; liberalism detestable.

In the new Spain General Franco will have the support of the army, and of two organisations known as *Falange Espanola* and *Requetes*. The first of these two bodies has been labelled "Fascist" by its enemies, because before becoming an important volunteer fighting force it was a political party of definitely anti-Communist outlook, with a progressive socialist programme on authoritarian lines. The *Requetes*, though not a political party in the same sense as *Falange*, represent a conception of the State which has many adherents in Nationalist Spain, namely, an absolute monarchy, or something very like it, supported on two pillars, the Church and the army.

Both the *Falange* and the *Requetes* have rendered great service to General Franco's cause, both in the field and behind the line; they bore the brunt of the fighting in the early months, and played a big part in the operations for the capture of Bilbao and the Asturias.

It may be confidently assumed that with the return of fine weather the early months of 1938 will be memorable ones in future Spanish history. General Franco's plans for a decisive victory have been long and carefully prepared. The morale, discipline and equipment of his fighting men are second to none. The spirit of the people has been profoundly stirred by a realisation of the narrow margin by which the country has been pulled back from the brink of the Communist abyss. There is evidence behind the line of a great "will to victory," of undivided loyalty to the leader, and of a determination to restore the proud name of the Spanish race to that position in the world to which its past achievements entitle it, and from which the pseudo-intellectuals of Asiatic decadence made bold to displace it.

## What the Mass Means to Us

How strange it is, believing as we do, that the Sacrifice of the Mass is in very deed the sacrifice of Calvary offered for our salvation, that we do not crowd the churches every morning, and come again and again to Holy Mass! One would imagine that even the most busy and distracted of men, if they even faintly realised the wonder and importance of one single Mass, would manage somehow, even at the cost of great sacrifice, to attend Mass frequently. If they did, our churches would overflow each morning.

It is more than strange to see, even in good and fervent parishes, a scanty sprinkling of worshippers participating at the daily morning Mass—not as many as one would find at the dullest political meeting, or in the stuffy atmosphere of a picture-house! Clearly, we do not appreciate enough the splendid gift of God, whereby He renews, so many times for our sakes, the Sacrifice of Calvary.

Consider what it cost the most generous Heart of Christ to prepare for us this morning offering. Each Mass has cost our Lord His life. Each, in itself, is worth as much as the sacrifice of His Life and Blood. We know that this offering on Calvary was the infinite atonement for our sins, and so much, nothing less, is every offering of the Mass.

Think how Christ Himself must regard the hearing of a single Mass. Whether it is celebrated in the most magnificent of churches, or in the heart of some wild country, or in the dingy slum of a city, it is to Him as precious as His own Blood, as sacred as His Death, as efficacious as His Passion.

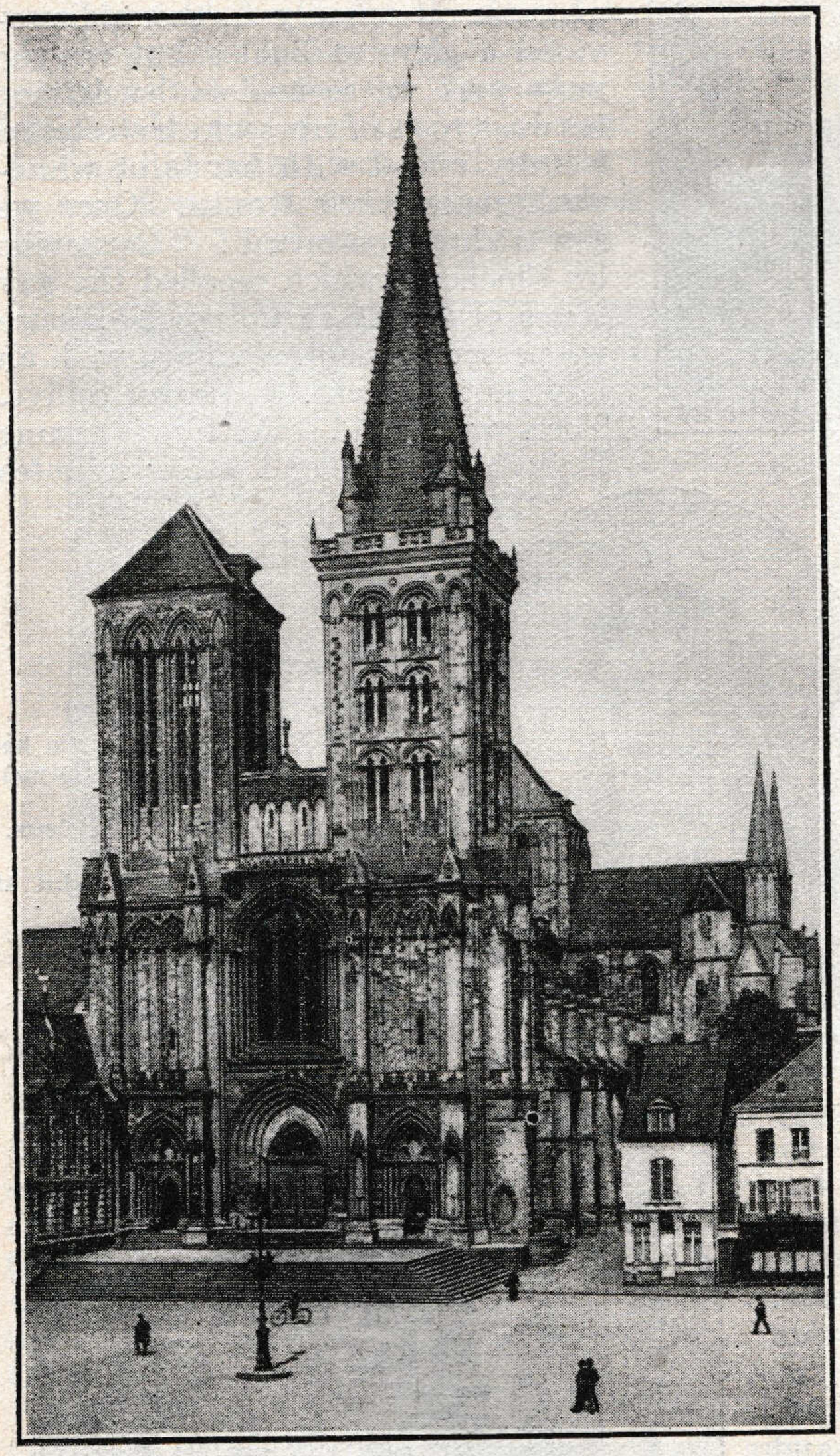
It is always a pleasant, as well as a good thing, to have been at Mass. It sweetens and savours the whole day, to think that "we have seen the Lord,"—seen Him under the presence of bread and wine, actually been in His Company, and knelt within a few feet of Him. What a privilege to enjoy over less fortunate men and women whom we pass in the streets! No one, therefore, who can, should miss being with Our Lord every day. It puts one on a plane similar to that of the holy women who met our Saviour after His Resurrection.

One who has lifted up his heart to God in morning prayer, who has assisted at Mass with attention and devotion, will go through the day with the blessing of God on his toil, and the peace of God in his heart.

# Pilgrimage to Lisieux

NORA MACDONNELL

*To follow her footsteps along the cobbled streets of Lisieux is to gain a clearer idea of her later footsteps along her "Little Way" of holiness. We gained a new understanding of our beloved saint.*



**CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER, LISIEUX.**
**One of the architectural gems of Normandy.**

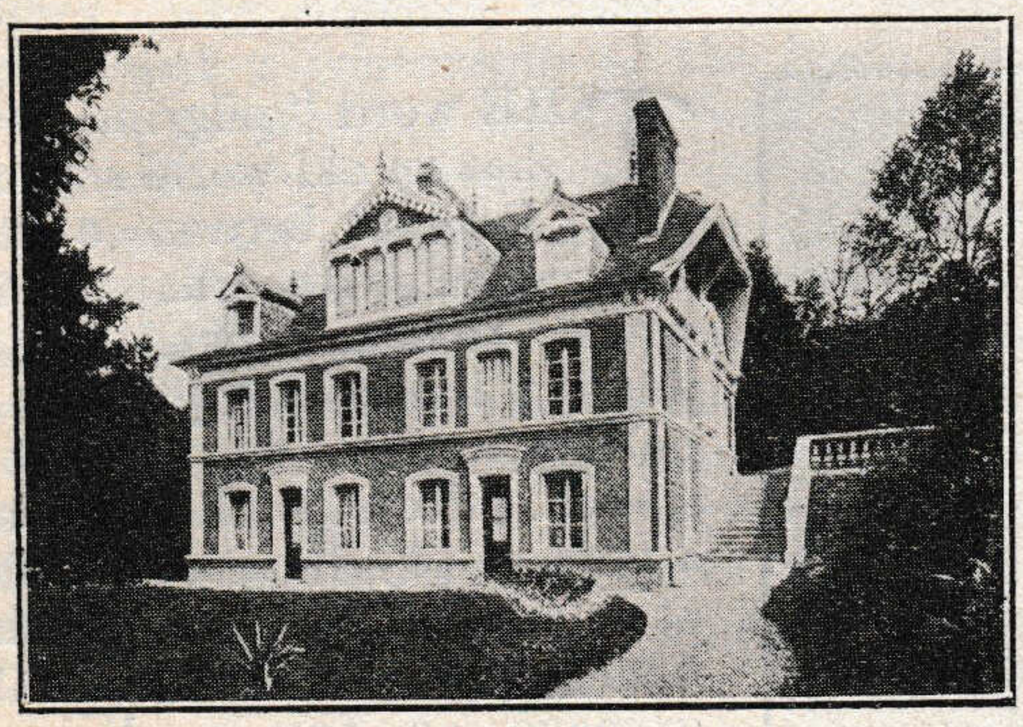
THE word "pilgrimage" has an old-world sound. Perhaps because of its association with Chaucer it seems to be linked with jingling harness, caparisoned palfreys and picturesque speech. Here is the tale of a modern pilgrimage, so rapid as to merit the title of "rush-hour," yet as perfect a pilgrimage as any mediaeval one in its essentials of penance, devotion, gaiety and good-comradeship.

Twenty of us set out one Saturday evening from a South Coast town to spend the feast of the Little Flower in Lisieux. We boarded the good ship "Rouen" at Newhaven, and proceeded to dispose ourselves for the scanty four hours' sleep that was to be our ration of repose that night. So far theory. In practice that meagre ration was not forthcoming. The arrival of the London train provided a minor earthquake of trampling feet and voices that made a protesting chorus to the Stewardess's recitative of "There are no berths left." A thoughtful steamship company had provided each of us with a cretonne-covered pillow and beneath it a cork life-jacket by way of a bolster. Now a cork life-jacket may be very useful in a shipwreck, but under any other circumstances its sole function is to be an instrument of penance. After vainly trying to adjust those hard packets of cork to the anatomy of our neck and shoulders, we reminded ourselves that this was a pilgrimage, and gave it up as a bad job.

Scarcely had peace descended upon the cabin when a cry of "Tickets, please!"

announced the purser. After fumbling in our berths and trying to make out whether the brown, the yellow, or the mauve tickets were the ones required, we gave up sleep as a bad job, too, and were thankful to step ashore at Dieppe at one o'clock on Sunday morning.

Now came the somewhat eerie part of our trip, our three hours' drive through the night to Lisieux. Our coach was in darkness save for the headlights on the road ahead. Now and then we sped through sleeping towns and villages; Rouen was dimly recognisable as we crossed the wide bridge over the Seine; a gigantic oil refinery further on provided a glare of light; but for the most part we seemed to be driving between rows of trees which stretched weirdly ahead with bands of white-wash round their trunks. Once we saw a direction-board: "Corneville les Cloches," which recalled the gay tunes of the stage Corneville; once we passed through a village with an illuminated clock: a quarter to five. Then we found ourselves running between houses, and a few minutes later the coach stopped. We were in Lisieux, at the door of the Carmel chapel.



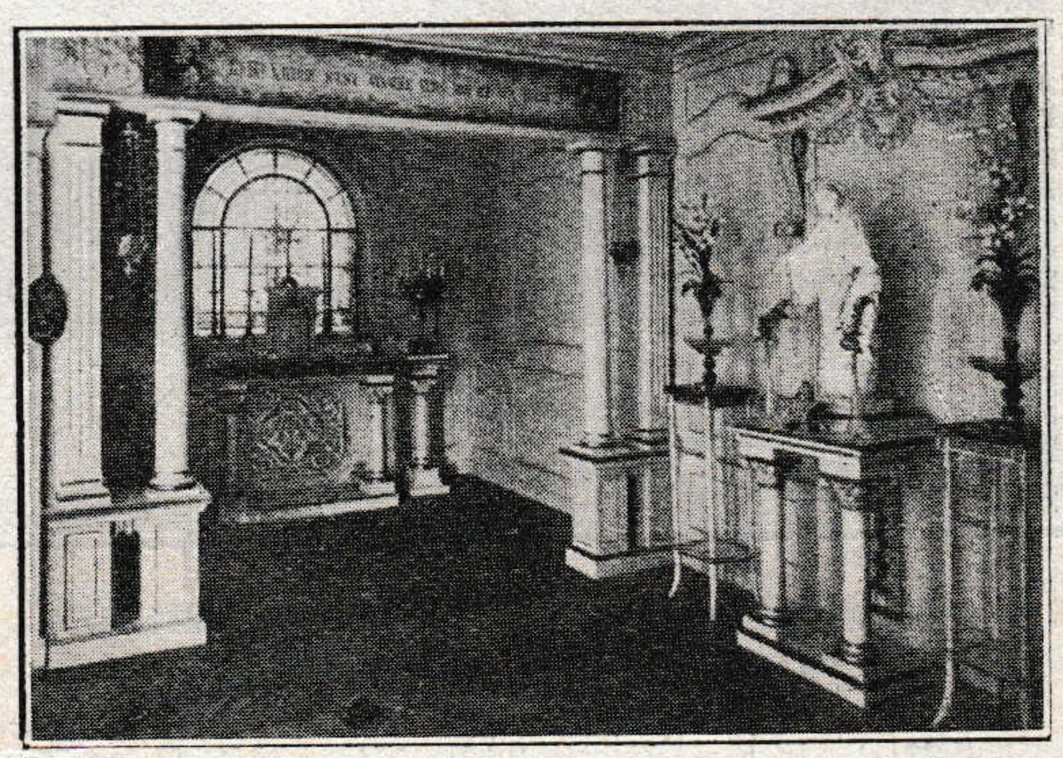
The street was dark and silent. A light showed in a house opposite; somebody looked out at us, then the light vanished. We waited. Daylight began to show faintly, and at last the chapel doors opened. We were the first pilgrims to arrive for the Feast.

**AT LISIEUX:**

**Above: "Les Buissonets." Home of St. Teresa before she entered Carmel.**

**Centre: St. Teresa of Lisieux.**

**Below: Bedroom of the Saint at "Les Bussionets."**



Our priests went into the sacristy. The rest of us, kneeling, looked round the chapel. It is small and very French, with a quantity of rather childlike decoration, and as many altars as can be fitted into the available space. It is exquisitely quiet and restful, a place to linger in and be at peace.

With a rattling sound a screen was slowly drawn up from the shrine of St. Teresa on our right, and we crowded to the grille and looked.

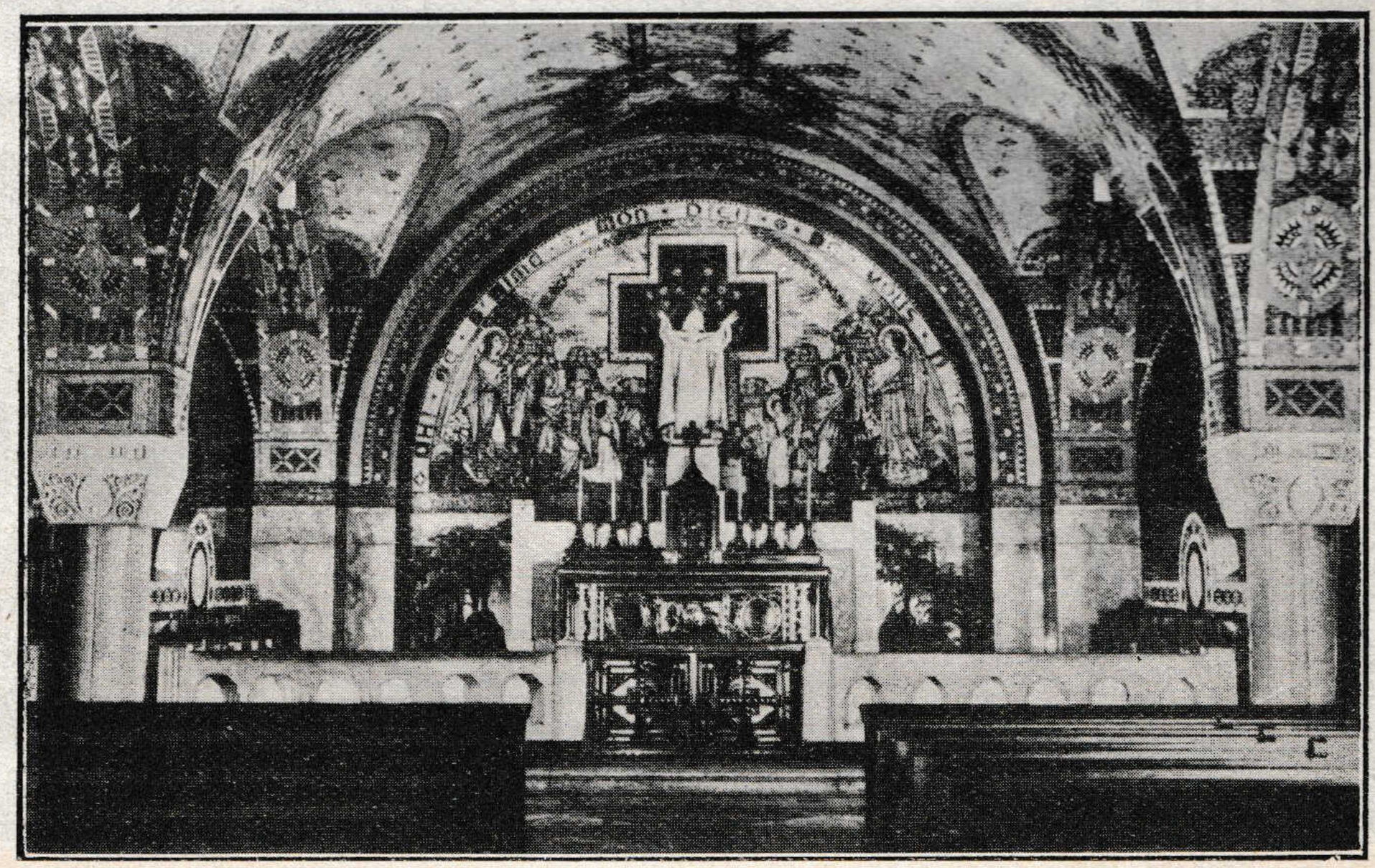
To some of our English eyes the shrine was a trifle discordant. The decoration is, perhaps, over-elaborate. There is an over-abundance of symbolism. While nothing is tawdry, the effect is confused. Very beautiful marble angels guard the great glass-sided reliquary. A tinted marble statue of St. Teresa in death appears within it;

some of us would prefer that her Carmelite habit were not heavily embroidered in gold thread. Above the shrine stands the exquisite little statue of "Our Lady of the Smile," which was the instrument of Teresa's miraculous cure as a child.

Altars flank the approach to the shrine on either side. At one of these our two priests said their Masses and we received Holy Communion. We were dimly aware of other Masses being said simultaneously in the chapel, and of a gradually increasing crowd of worshippers, but not until we at last turned to go in search of breakfast did we realise that the chapel was now packed as full as it was possible to be. We were obliged to push our way through a solid block of people—poilus in uniform, some of them—standing inside the entrance.

Then breakfast, the somewhat scanty French breakfast, but who shall adequately sing the praises of that delicious coffee after our weary night? Feeling like giants refreshed we set out to see all that we could of Lisieux.

Our first visit was to the Basilica of St. Teresa, an enormous building that towers over the town from a steep hill. The fabric of the building is almost



**THE CRYPT OF THE BASILICA, LISIEUX.**

complete; the decoration is yet to be added. The crypt, however, is complete, a wide, simple space patterned in soft blue mosaic. The Basilica itself is a tremendous affair; it is a little difficult to associate this grandiose magnificence with the young nun going quietly about her convent. Seeing it in this connection St. Teresa herself might have smiled, but because it gives yet another home to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament she would have been content.

All this time a vast tide of pilgrims had been flowing into the town, until all the pilgrimage spots were packed out, and we had to stand in a queue in order to pass through the room beside the Carmel chapel where are displayed a number of intimate personal souvenirs of the saint. These include objects of everyday use in her convent life, her Carmelite habit, a funny little white frock with a pink sash, worn by the child Teresa, her beautiful hair, still looking full of vitality. The whole is dominated by Roybet's portrait.

The same crowds blocked the approach to the home where Teresa spent her childhood, so that it was difficult to obtain a clear view of it. A small house,

embowered in trees, low-pitched rooms, some still containing their stiffly Victorian furniture, a shady garden, a sense of remoteness from the business of the town, these were the chief impressions that we carried away down the narrow path which connects the house with the main road. At the Benedictine convent, old and grass-grown, a nun took us up a narrow stairway to where the relics of Teresa's schooldays are gathered together. We knelt, too, in the spacious, austere chapel where the little girl had found consolation amid the trials of her school life, and where she had made her First Communion.

The day passed all too quickly in these wanderings round the attractive old town, in glimpses of its two magnificent mediaeval churches, of its tall old timbered houses, and of the two rivers which flow rapidly between the buildings. Several times we found ourselves drawn back to the Carmel chapel, once to hear the nuns' voices singing their Office—were the voices of Teresa's sisters

THE CHAPEL OF THE CARMELITE CONVENT, LISIEUX.

among them ?—and again to get Benediction from the doorstep, because it was physically impossible to push through the crowds inside.

There were interludes for meals. Normandy has a cuisine all her own, and her best was lavished on us. Most delicious of all, perhaps, was the Normandy cream cheese and the cider. Night was falling when we at last set out on our return drive to Dieppe.

The waters of Dieppe harbour made an ominous swishing noise. The wind had risen and our stewardess was discouraging : she advised us to take to our berths. The sleep of sheer exhaustion came over us, however, and none, not even that member of the party who can be seasick in dry-dock, knew anything more until the boat arrived at Newhaven.

We landed in a chilly, opal-tinted dawn, with the sun just rising above white mists. We felt as though we had travelled great distances and been away for many days. We were very happy, because all had gone well on our pilgrimage, and we had all gained a new understanding of the life and message of our beloved saint.

# The Failure of Bill

VIN MANNING

*" Bill, I've been praying continually that you'll soon land a job."*

*" Don't worry, darling. I'll get a good job one day."*

*" But we can't go on like this indefinitely. If you thought so much about me——"*

DEVOTING more attention to the newspaper, which was propped up against the milk-jug, than to his breakfast, Mr. Landregan gave intermittent broadcasts of the news, with a keen eye for the tragic side of life.

" God save us ! " he cried out, for instance. " What do you think of this ? Served in a café with what was believed to be ginger ale, but what was really acetic acid, a chap in Gingham took ill and died H'm ! And the jury were divided as to whether anyone was to blame or not. Well, in my opinion—"

" Nobody is asking your opinion, Michael" put in Mrs. Landregan crisply. " It's a pity you can't find something more cheerful to read about on St. Patrick's Day."

" Dad is always forgetting his Irish descent," laughed Sheila Landregan, the eldest daughter, as she tripped about the room, humming snatches from an ever-popular song : *Just a little dash of Dublin—da-da-da-da da-de-de-de-da— . . . . I found a four-leaf shamrock one day . . .* "

There was a knock at the door.

" Post ! " yelled Sheila, and she dashed so precipitately for the door that she almost tripped over the cat.

" Morning, Miss Landregan," smiled the postman, as he handed her a small box. " I can guess what's in this."

" I suppose you can," she laughed.

" It's identically the same as sixteen other boxes I've delivered this morning."

" Good gracious ! I never knew there were so many Irish in this district."

" Irish ! Bless me life ! I know a couple of Polish Jews that wear the shamrock on a day like this."

Laughing she returned indoors, and then, with eager fingers, untied the little parcel.

" I knew Aunt Mary wouldn't forget us on St. Patrick's morning," she cried. " Oh ! Isn't it lovely ? " she flourished a bunch of fresh shamrock. " It smells of the bog, the brake and the mireland."

" Talking of bogs," put in Mr. Landregan, still engrossed in his paper, "here's a case where a cow walked into a marsh, and what do you think they did ? "

" We're not in the least interested," said his wife. " Can you spare me a bit, dear ? "

" Of course, ma'am. Like a sprig, dad ? "

" Sure. Just stick a piece in my jacket. H'm ! There's a breach of promise case here, which reminds me. Is it true what they're saying about you and Bill Durkin ? "

" You should never believe all you hear, father," replied the girl, though she flushed guiltily.

" He's a lazy young scamp ! "

" Father ! That's grossly unfair ! He's tried most hard to get a suitable job."

" Huh ! He's not fond of work. He's one of those chaps who can eat well and sleep well, but when you mention the word 'work' he throws a nervous breakdown."

" Oh ! you can't appreciate the difficulties in the labour market since you

retired. He is trying to get a job to suit his talents. And I've always found him most charming."

"Yes, I suppose he kissed the Blarney Stone."

"He's a Catholic, too."

"You're telling me." Mr. Landregan raised his eyebrows. "Do I ever see him at Benediction on Sundays? Do I ever see him at Holy Mass on Holidays? Never a sight of him. Is he ever available when Father McGarry wants a few volunteers? You ask the priest."

"I'm afraid your father's right, dear," said Mrs. Landregan quietly. "He's not what I should call 'a paragon of all the virtues.'"

"Who wants a paragon, anyway?" cried Sheila, her eyes brimming with tears, "I—I like him very much, and I think you're both horribly disagreeable."

"I thought you were going to Mass?" said Mr. Landregan.

"Oh, dear! What time is it?"

"Twenty past eight."

"Phew! I shall have to scurry."

As Sheila made her way towards St. Joseph's Church she was much disturbed in mind. She did wish that her parents were more broadminded. Bill had his faults like all the rest of mankind. She didn't want a prig, or a good little Eric. And, besides, he had been so unfortunate. Once the manager of one of the biggest factories in the town, he had lost his position through no fault of his own. Depression in trade had been the cause. And since then, he had never been given a break. Of course, it was rather fortunate on the other hand, that he was able to live on his people . . .

Sheila had occasion to pass Durkin's home,and, as she drew near this morning, she saw Bill himself, leaning over the garden gate and chatting with a man whom she knew to be rather notorious as a bookmaker. But when he saw Sheila coming, Bill jerked his thumb, and the bookmaker quickly departed.

"Hello, Sheila, old girl," cried Bill, who was a strikingly handsome fellow. "Ah! the dear little shamrock! Suits your Irish beauty to a T. Can I beg a little bit?"

"Sure, Bill." Sheila broke off a sprig and handed it to him. "Well, any luck yet? Found a job?"

"Nothing doing." Bill sighed pathetically.

"You're really trying, aren't you?" she asked anxiously.

"Of course I'm trying," he replied with an injured look. "I've answered umpteen advertisements, and interviewed umpteen executives. I've sat and racked my brains, thinking how to get rich quick."

"So you're depending on Mr. Brassington to help you?"

"Now, darling, don't get me wrong. He just stopped to borrow a match, and—"

"I know—and to ask how your poor mother was, and what you are going to plant in the garden this spring."

"Cynicism doesn't become you, sweetheart," said Durkin reprovingly.

"You've done this, that and the other, Bill, I know, but—have you ever prayed?"

"Prayed!" Bill laughed a little, uneasily. "Of course—when I have time."

"There is always time to pray."

"Now, now, dearest." Durkin leaned over the gate and patted her cheek. "You're not yourself this morning. What's worrying you?"

"You!" she admitted frankly.

"Don't you worry about me," he laughed. "I can always take care of myself. By the way, you're off early to the office, aren't you?"

"I'm going to Mass, and I'm late already. Won't you come?"

"What on earth for? It isn't a Holiday."

"Well, it is in Ireland, and in any case—"

"If I were in Ireland, I'd go, of course, but—"

"All right, Bill. I must go. Bye-bye."

"You're not annoyed with me, darling," he called after her, as she hurried away.

"I ought to be," she replied over her shoulder.

* * * * * *

As Sheila went on she sighed quite frequently. Her mother was right. Bill was scarcely a 'paragon of all the virtues.' But she was so fond of him. He was so fascinating, so tender. And he was clever enough. If he could only get a nice billet somewhere. You couldn't blame him for refusing to be a round peg in a square hole. Well, if he wouldn't pray for himself, she would pray for him.

* * * * * *

Sprucely dressed as usual Durkin was sauntering along Mount Street the following afternoon when a blue streamlined car slowed up alongside the kerb.

"Mr. Durkin?" A voice hailed him.

Durkin looked around. He was astonished to see at the wheel of the car a man who had once held a humble position in the factory of which he had been manager. It was old Tim Lowry.

"Hello, Lowry," he said, with a hint of condescension. "By Jove! That's a fine little bus you have. What's happened? Have you got a job driving for Lord Tomnoddy?"

Mr. Lowry flushed up.

"Not exactly, sir. As a matter of fact, I drew a winner in one of the Irish Sweeps. I invested my money and now I've got a very flourishing little business."

"Lucky bounder! Some fellows have all the luck."

"H'm, yes. I did hear that you—er—that things weren't so well with you, sir."

"You shouldn't believe all you hear, Lowry," said Durkin sharply. "I'm doing fine. Say, do you think I look down-and-out?"

Old Lowry shook his head.

"Oh! no, sir. I didn't intend to be insulting. I had thought of—"

"You've been sadly misinformed. I've never been short of money yet, and never will be."

"I'm so pleased to know that, sir. You see, I had thought of offering you a little job in my office as a—as a kind of secretary, or publicity man—"

"Confound you and your impertinence, Lowry!" snapped Durkin. "Who are *you* to offer *me* a job? You may no longer be under my—er—jurisdiction, but, remember, once a gentleman, always a gentleman. Money will never make *you* into a gentleman, Lowry, so you needn't try to ape one." And with that final retort, Durkin sauntered away.

Old Lowry's face went red as a beetroot. His bottom lip trembled. He blinked his eyes. He sighed. So he'd never be a gentleman! Poor Mr. Durkin! Then he de-clutched, tickled the accelerator and drove smoothly on.

* * * * * *

That night Sheila met Bill Durkin by appointment. As they made their way towards the Hippodrome, she looked up at him eagerly.

"Since our talk yesterday, Bill," she said, "I've been praying continually that you'll soon land a job."

"Don't worry, darling. I'll get a good job one day."

"But we can't go on like—like this, indefinitely. If you thought much about me—"

"I think the world of you, sweetheart. One day I'll reach the 'turning point' and when I do I'll soar like a rocket."

"Once before you soared, Bill, and then—down you came like a stick."

" Oh ! don't bother about the past. It's gone and can't return. The future—the glorious future !—is ours. But, speaking of the past, that reminds me. This afternoon I ran across a fellow who used to be an unskilled labourer at my old firm. The lucky bounder drew a winner in an Irish Sweep. Since then, apparently, everything he touches turns to gold. But what do you think he did ? " Durkin laughed. " He actually offered me a job."

" You don't mean to tell me you turned it down ? " cried Sheila, incredulously.

" Oh, boloney ! The very idea is utterly revolting ! Humiliating ! It isn't done in my class. I'd be the talk and the laughing-stock of the town. ' Heard the latest,' the story would go, ' Bill Durkin's taking orders from one of his old labourers.' "

" Why shouldn't you take orders from him ? When you were in a position to do so, you ordered him about. Now, as it happens, the situation is reversed. He's a prosperous business man, and you—you—"

" I'd sing in the streets before I'd be a ' yes ' man to a fellow like Lowry."

" History is always repeating itself," sighed Sheila. " You're another Milchu ! "

" Milchu ! Who on earth was he ? Did he happen to be the ancestor of the notorious Fu Manchu, who one time perpetrated diabolic deeds on the cinema screen ? "

" Milchu," explained the girl gravely, " was an Irish chieftain. I have read that St Patrick, in his sixteenth year, was carried off by marauders and sold as a slave to this Milchu.

" For six years, Patrick tended his master's flocks in the Valley of the Braid, and then somehow he escaped.

" Many years later, the then Pope sent Patrick back to Erin as a Bishop, with the mission to enlighten the pagans as to the story of the Redemption.

" With the sole idea of returning good for evil, Patrick set out across country to pay a visit to his old master, Milchu. But Milchu had been warned of his approach, and he was terribly scared of Patrick's power. He must have thought that Patrick was coming with an army at his back.

" Whatever he thought, Milchu worked himself up into a fury. So Patrick was coming for his revenge ! Well, he would deprive him of the pleasure. He therefore got together in his fortress all his belongings, and then set fire to the place, himself perishing in the flames. I believe it was recorded that 'his pride could not endure the thought of being vanquished by his former slave.' "

" A most interesting story," yawned Durkin, " but I fail to see where I resemble Milchu ? "

" Well perhaps, you wouldn't exactly be *vanquished* by your former —er— slave, but you do pretend, don't you, that you'd rather starve to death than submit to the orders of a man whom you were formerly able to make ' jump to it ' ? "

" But, listen, Sheila darling," pleaded Durkin, in extenuation, "if it were any other man but old Lowry I'd gladly humble myself. But he's such a little ferret. He'd just love to humiliate me. I'd always be conscious that he was spying on me. You don't know him."

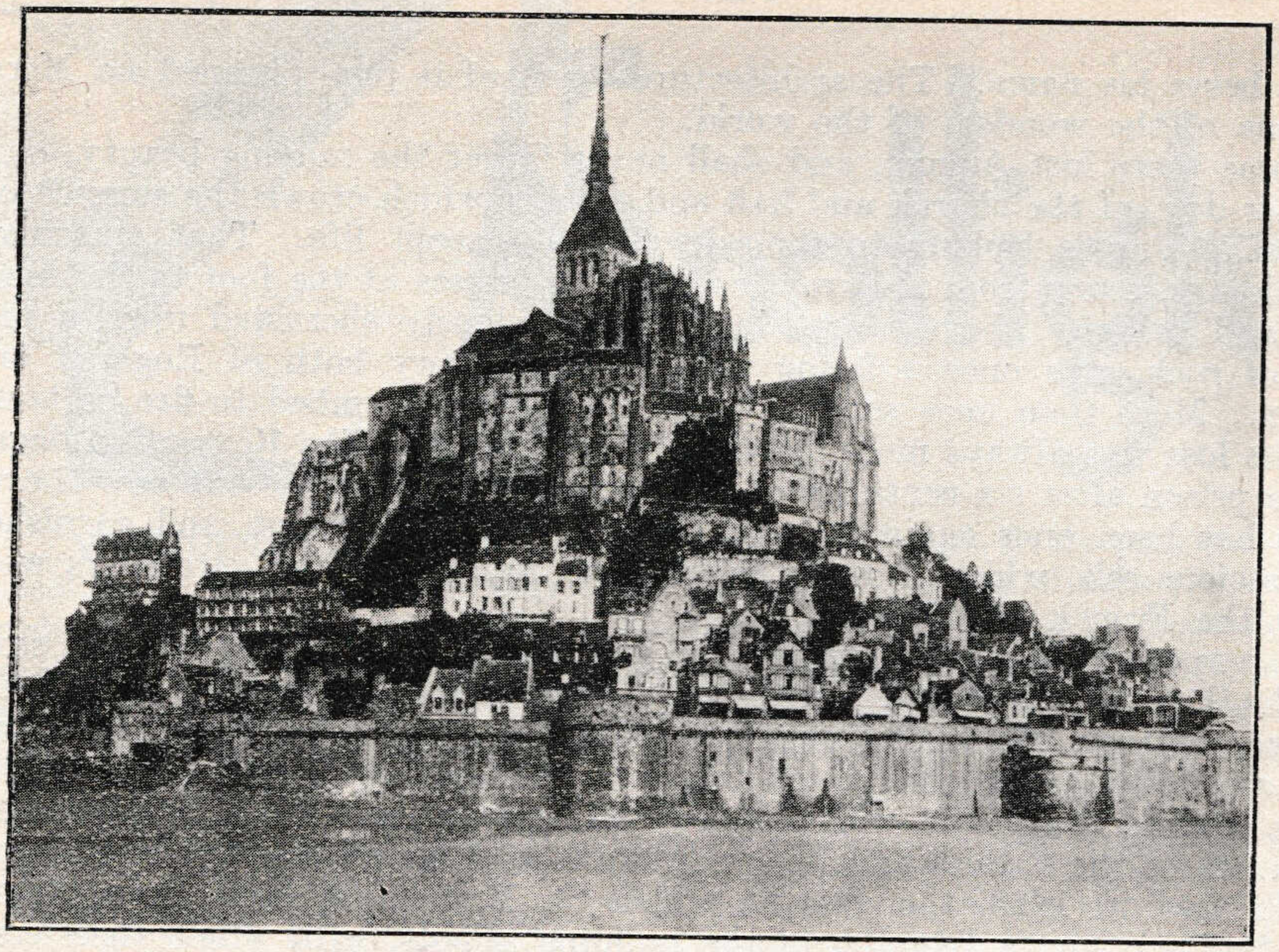
" Oh ! don't I ? " cried Sheila, and her dark eyes flashed with indignation. " So my Uncle Tim is a—a ferret, and a spy, and—and I don't know what ! "

" Oh ! my hat ! *I* didn't know he was your Uncle."

" Well, you know now. And I know you, Bill Durkin. As a special favour to me he promised to offer you a job. You have the audacity to insult him to his face, and then speak of him despicably behind his back. You call yourself a gentleman ! Huh ! You aren't fit to lick his shoes ! "

" Sheila, darling ! "

" Good-bye, and good riddance ! " cried the girl and she left him.



MONT ST. MICHEL.

# Vista from Mont St. Michel

*SIR EDWARD GRIGG, M.P.*

*"That last and lovely triumph of the building abbots, with which their creative impulse expired, is like a mountain-top, remote and aloof, lifted above the world and empty of life."*

THERE lies between the coasts of Normandy and Brittany a lovely estuary, which many English people know. Three small rivers mingle their waters in it, flowing sleepily through low, salt pastures famous for their sheep. Nearly every village in that storied corner of France is named after a saint, and many are still the home of primitive religious festivals adapted by early Christianity from the pagan past. The bay itself is wide and deep by many miles, a scene of constant ebb and flow, commanding thought upon the mutability of all things, including human life. For part of every day its whole extent is shimmering sand, grey or watery gold, as the changinge lights decree, since when the tide is low the waters of the Channel lie far out on the horizon, mingling with the sky. But when the tide comes in, it sweeps, faster than a man can pick his way, across the quicksand flats ; and even while you watch, the earth is swallowed by the rising sea, and the whole expanse becomes a sheet of glimmering blue.

Nothing then breaks the level waters of the bay save two stark projecting rocks ; the smaller low and crouching, like a watch-dog ; the larger rising steeply out of the sea. On this last a clinging huddle of ancient towers and trees and battlements rises to an exquisite church and steeple that may be seen for leagues round. Saint Michael surmounts the pinnacle and dominates the historic rock,

which bears his name. The architecture—part of it justly named La Merveille—is one of the wonders of the world.

I was there last August, and shall never forget the moving beauty, on that summer day, of the church and hall and cloister which crown the summit of the rock. Nothing is lacking to their loveliness—except life. That amazing pile of buildings, rising from the crowded dwelling-houses at the foot to the knightly halls and galleries above, and all of it miraculously encrusted upon a narrow cone of rock, was once a living part of the history both of England and of France. More than once some portion of it has succumbed to fire or tempest, but the loss was always most beautifully made good. The Revolution degraded it to a prison after six centuries of high dignity and wealth ; but now the whole fabric has been once again restored, and it is tended, swept, and garnished as the precious relic which it is by benefactors, architects, and caretakers working under the French Government.

A perpetual stream of visitors is guided over it throughout the summer months, but the forces which reared and once pulsed strongly within it are now for ever extinct. It is like our European civilisation, a monument of human faith and folly, achievement and relapse, waiting in suspense for what the new forces surging around it will presently bring to pass. The exquisite cloister, which shares the highest tier of architecture with the refectory and the church, was finished in 1228, the year in which St. Francis of Assisi was canonised. That last and lovely triumph of the building abbots, with which their creative impulse expired, is like a mountain-top, remote and aloof, lifted above the world and empty of life.

Coming down from it last summer through the Hall of the Knights of St. Michael and the Almonry to the ancient gateway with its noble flight of steps, which drops into the precipitous village street, we saw upon a bastion opposite, clear-cut against the sky, a troop of Rover Scouts. Young and resolute-looking, they stood high upon a platform of massive stone which the toil of far-away generations had raised, their backs to the piled achievement of the past, their eyes upon the distance out to sea, half earth, half water, half shadow, half sun. Silhouetted there in vivid relief, they seemed to stand for all our youth to-day, suspended between an older world that is almost played-out and a newer world whose character none can clearly foresee. I saw them so on that August evening, and I have been seeing them, as Wordsworth saw the daffodils, in reflective moments ever since.

---

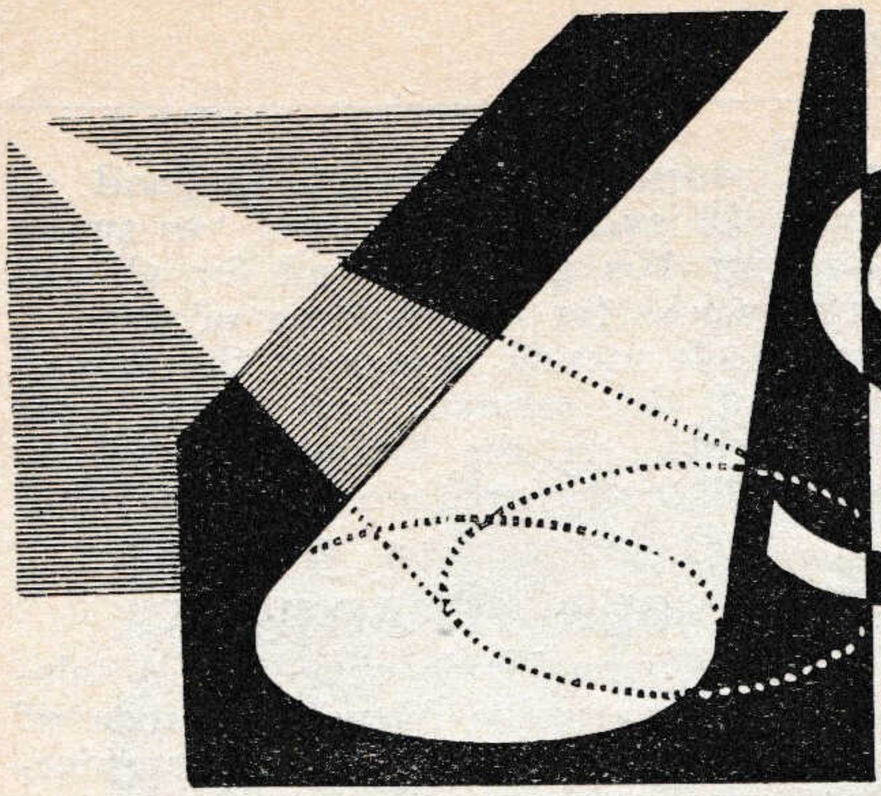
Reprinted from *The Observer* (London) by kind permission.

## Moral Sense before Intelligence

In order to keep his mental and organic balance, man must impose upon himself an inner rule. The State can thrust legality upon people by force. But not morality. Everyone should realize the necessity of selecting the right and avoiding the wrong, of submitting himself to such necessity by an effort of his own will.

The Catholic Church, in its deep understanding of human psychology, has given to moral activities a far higher place, than intellectual ones. The men honoured by her above all others, are neither the leaders of nations, the men of science, nor the philosophers. They are the saints—that is, those who are virtuous in a heroic manner. When we watch the inhabitants of the new city, we fully understand the practical necessity of moral sense. Intelligence, will power and morality are very closely related.

But moral sense is more important than intelligence. When it disappears from a nation the whole social structure slowly commences to crumble away.—Dr. Alexis Carrel, in *Man the Unknown*.



# Spotlight

## WITHOUT COMMENT.

Absolutely without comment we reproduce Mgr. Jackman's eloquent, pointed and pithy verse. Dear reader —is this you ?

He put a penny in the plate
And meekly raised his eyes :
One week's rent had been duly paid
For a mansion in the skies !

* * * *

## THE CROSS IN NAVARRE.

General Francisco Franco has conferred the Cross with Laurels of San Fernando—the highest military decoration in Spain—upon the Province of Navarre. In acknowledgment of this unique honour, the Cross will be added to the shield of the Province in future. Here is an account of the celebration of the event from Pampeluna :

"General Francisco Franco has conferred the Cross with Laurels of San Fernando—the highest military decoration in Spain—on this Province, and the Cross will be added to its escutcheon.

"A crucifix, fifty-nine feet high, was raised above the monumental altar which stands against the ancient ramparts of the citadel, which, in 1521, St. Ignatius of Loyola defended. It was there he received the wounds which subsequently changed the whole course of his life and led to the founding of the Society of Jesus. About 25,000 people were assembled for the Mass. The occasion was one of special significance since this was the first visit of General Franco to Navarre, the Province that was the first to place itself *en masse* under his leadership, and which immediately threw into active service more than 30,000 men under the leadership of the late General Mola, Franco's 'right arm,' who lost his life in a 'plane crash.

In addressing the people of Navarre, General Franco paid homage to their enthusiasm and faith 'as good Spaniards,' and their 'greatness as Catholics'."

* * * *

## POINTS OF VIEW.

Two opposite points of view are indicated in this lively paragraph taken from *Our Sunday Visitor* (Huntingdon, Ind.). After all, it is possible to be too squeamish about things, and the robust commonsense of Archbishop McNally's rejoinder will commend itself to most sensible people.

"Shouts of 'Come on, St. Joe's ! Beat up St. Mike's !' heard on many sports fields shocked the members of the Catholic Women's League in Halifax, and they adopted a resolution regretting the use of saints' names for athletic teams.

"Opposed to their squeamishness was Archbishop McNally. He said : 'I like the idea of taking saints out of the church buildings and right out into the daily, healthy, normal activities of people. Anything a school or athletic team does is worthy of and better for having the name of a saint attached to it.'

"We pass His Excellency's remarks on to those among our readers who have protested against the youth organizations which are being established in many dioceses and which make use of sports as an entering wedge for religious, cultural and educational activities."

* * * *

## IT ISN'T NECESSARY.

From an editorial in *The New World* (Chicago, Ill.) we clip this story which carries its own moral. The League of Decency has jolted the movie magnates into a sense of their responsibility to the public. Most of them will now admit that dirt does not pay, and that the biggest box-office successes have been clean pictures.

"Just recently Don Ameche was asked by a Hollywood reporter : "Is it true, Don, that your association with Catholic clergymen has influenced your radio and screen career—that you refuse to appear in pictures or broadcasts that are remotely suggestive ?" Mr. Ameche's answer was : "Yes. Father Sheehy of the Catholic University, who introduced me to my wife, who married us, and who baptized our first baby, is a great

friend and a severe critic. I'd never read a line of dialogue that would offend him. After all, it isn't necessary. Entertainment never need be off colour."

It is rather refreshing to see a popular idol expressing himself to the world in such a frank, Catholic way. It is another reminder that hundreds of our Faith are vitally connected with the stage and screen, and that their presence there can be a powerful factor in public psychology and morals."

* * * *

## FOR CATHOLIC EMPLOYERS.

Supporting the suggestion for a Guild of Catholic printers as a fitting corollary to the Guild of Catholic Writers, established under the patronage of St. Francis de Sales, *Light*, prominent U.S. Catholic periodical, hands out some straight talk to Catholic employers :

"We are now waiting for some indication that Catholic employers intend to respond to the invitation of the Archbishop of Birmingham, when he advocated a list of Catholic employers who pay just wages. All Catholic employers, as such, and all Catholics of position and power in the world, should publicly identify themselves with the efforts that are being made by others to apply the principles of the Papal encyclicals on social justice. All Catholic employers should heed the following remarks of the Archbishop of Birmingham : 'To our circle of friends, fellow-workers and business acquaintances we often represent the Church, because they know we are Catholics, and they watch to see whether we behave differently from any other business-man or worker. Within that circle we have more influence than the Holy Father himself'."

* * * *

## STRANGE SERMONS.

From the *Belfast Telegraph* comes this account of two strange sermons—Protestant, of course—known as the "lion sermon" and the "storm sermon."

"A London merchant, Sir John Gayer, Lord Mayor in 1647, believing that he owed his life to a prayer for his deliverance when he was confronted by a lion in the Arabian desert, vowed to dedicate the profits of a caravan journey to the church.

"He bequeathed £200 to the poor of the parish and for church improvements, and requested that the 'lion sermon,' as it is known, should be preached every year. It has been held in a London church without interruption for more than 280 years, and for its delivery the preacher receives £1, the clerk 2s. 6d., and the sexton 1s.

"Another veteran is the 'storm sermon,' preached yearly in another London church to perpetuate the deliverance of Joseph Taylor, a Paternoster Row bookseller, from the great storm which swept England on November 26 and 27, 1703, and 'to praise the Lord for His goodness and for all His wonderful works for the children of men.'

"Taylor left money to ensure the annual preaching of the sermon, and every year since his death, on the Sunday nearest to November 26 the 'storm sermon' is given."

* * * *

## FROM OUR SCRAP-BOOK.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once sent a telegram to each of twelve friends, all men of great virtue and reputation and of considerable position in society. The message was worded : "Fly at once ; all is discovered." Within twenty-four hours, the story runs, all twelve had left the country.—F. L. Wellman, *Gentlemen of the Jury*.

* * * *

A Glasgow professor, in order to emphasize the value of observation, prepared a little cupful of kerosene, mustard, and castor oil, and calling the attention of his class to it, dipped a finger into the atrocious compound and then sucked his finger. He next passed the mixture around to the students who all did the same with the most dire results. When the cup returned and he observed the faces of his students, he remarked :

"Gentlemen, I am afraid that you did not use your powers of observation. The finger that I put into the cup was not the same one that I stuck into my mouth."—Grenfell, *Forty Years for Labrador*.

* * * *

Mayor Bryce B. Smith, of Kansas City, Mo., tells this one :

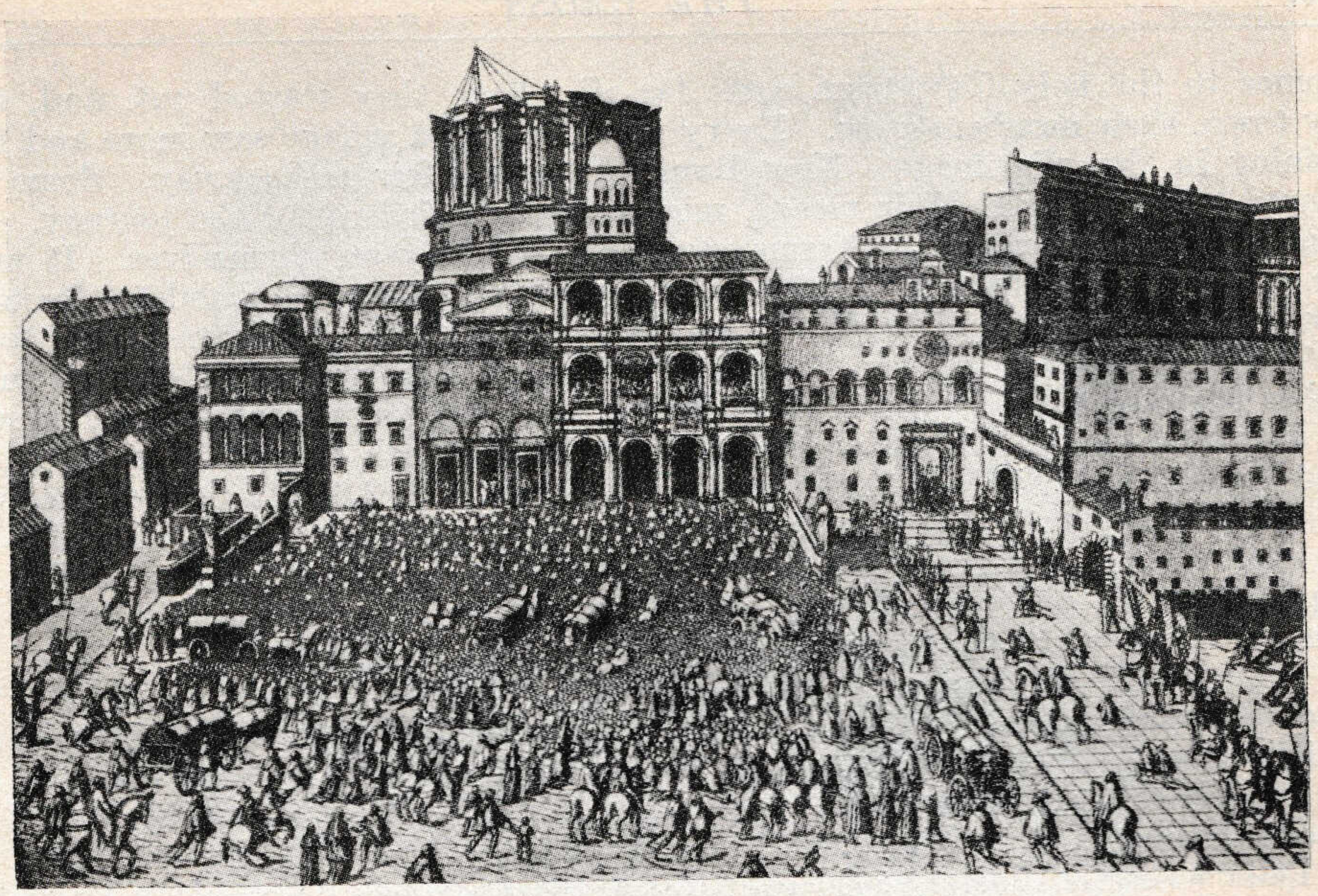
"I was a member of the party of American mayors that visited France last year. In Paris I was called upon to make a speech. I spoke for fifteen minutes. There wasn't a bit of applause. I sat down, and another man delivered a fiery oration in French. He was applauded at every pause. I joined in the applause until a neighbour whispered : 'I wouldn't applaud so much if I were you, mayor ; that man is interpreting your own speech'."—*United Press*.

* * * *

## A PRAYER FOR MOTORISTS.

The *Lower Bebington Parish Church Magazine* publishes "A Christian Motorist's Prayer" composed by the rector, Rev. H. E. Boultbee, and quoted by the *Liverpool Daily Post* :—

"Give me a steady hand and watchful eye, that no man may be hurt when I pass by. Thou gavest life. I pray no act of mine may take or mar that gift of Thine. Shelter those, dear Lord, who bear me company, from evils of fire and all calamity. Teach me to use my car for others' need, nor miss through love of speed the beauties of Thy world ; that thus I may with joy and courtesy go on my way."



**THE ROMAN JUBILEE OF 1550.**
**Scene outside St. Peter's, from a contemporary print.**

# The Jubilee of A.D. 1600

## No. 3 of Series "I Was There"

*Wandering through the streets of Rome during this solemn Jubilee of 1600, you would see people of all sorts. By hundreds and thousands they tramped over mountain and valley to the City of the Seven Hills : : : : : : : :*

## *REV. MARTIN DEMPSEY*

AN old man told me that, at the last Jubilee in 1575 he had stood beside the great and holy Charles Borromeo : and before that, in 1550, he had seen Ignatius and St. Philip walking in the street of Rome. His father had been at the two jubilees of 1500 and 1525 : and now, in 1600, the old man and myself stood a few miles from the city and watched the crowds pouring past us. They came, these pilgrims to Rome, from all over the world.

"I came here for the last two jubilees" he told me, "and each time the same thought has come into my mind. When I see all these people coming along the road and when I hear them talking, then I think of St. Peter and of the Gift of The Tongues. Perhaps Peter himself came along this way to Rome. He was no longer the impulsive Peter of the sword, no longer fearful, no longer afraid, no longer dubious. He was the Key-bearer, ready for death if that should be the Will of the Master Who was with him only in spirit now. Look, do you see that man there, and the family behind, the father, the mother, the child ? Listen to those others talking, French they are, I think ! Rome, the Pope and the Jubilee, is the subject of every conversation. There are people from Poland, and the Spanish are coming. One need not speak their language to understand them. Indeed, even when they are silent you can guess their thoughts. That is why I think of the Gift of Tongues. They are coming to the end of all those long miles of pilgrimage, and that is all they think about."

And so it was. They had walked, many of them bare-footed, from their

homes to the holy City, from some far-off village they started out, and, town by town, their numbers grew. Every town, city and village saw more and more joining in the pilgrimage. Now Rome is only a few miles away. Some had feared their strength, their means, might not be sufficient for the journey. But land, home, businesses and farms were left to look after themselves. It might be only once in a lifetime that a man might be present at a Jubilee. So off to Rome, hundreds and thousands tramping up mountain and down valley to the City of the Seven Hills. In St. Philip's hospital there were 200,000, and in the other hospitals were lodged close on half a million. More came every day, some in bands of 100, of 1,000, or of a dozen. The French hospital housed 12,000, the Spanish hospital 10,000, the Portuguese 4,000, and 3,000 in Genoese hospital. If the City of Rome was ever invaded, it was in 1600. And yet all found a roof to shelter them and there was no shortage of food for that vast multitude; the representatives of every country, the children, the family of the Church; and among them went the Holy Father, Pope Clement VIII.

You would see him on a Sunday when he visited the four Basilicas. The people make way and kneel for his blessing as he rides by with his Cross-bearer before him and surrounded by the famous Swiss Guard. The Cardinals, also on horseback, accompany him; and when the Pope has washed the feet of the poor pilgrims, it is the Cardinals who dry them. One thinks then of Christ and of Peter when the Master washed the feet of the Apostles. Or of Mary Magdalene who washed His feet with her tears, and ever since has remained the patron Saint of the penitents and of the Confessional. In the Palace of the Borgia, the Pope has lodged those Bishops and dignitaries who had not the means to hire houses for themselves. Clement would often visit them, the 4,000 ecclesiastics who stayed at the Palace during the Jubilee year. And you could see him again at the Hospital of the Pellegrini and think again of Peter exclaiming that He should never wash the feet of His servant, such a thing was impossible, said Peter. And yet, Christ, the Lamb of God, died like a thief, and none save John and His Mother and the other Mary were with Him.

Among those in the Sacred College who accompanied the Pope through the City were Clement's two nephews, Cardinals Aldobrandini and San Giorgio. The former is thirty years old, small, pock-marked, insignificant-looking, and yet, in power, second only to the Holy Father. San Giorgio is older, serious, a man of letters, and is becoming as powerful as his cousin.

Another member of the Sacred College is Cardinal Antoniano. His father, a peasant in Abruzzi, left his village, left his family in Rome, and went off on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The son attracted the attention of Cardinal Truchses, who paid for his education. He had a saintly woman for his mother, and St. Philip for his spiritual director. After a time in the Court of the Duke of Ferrara, where his lectures delighted learned audiences, the Holy Father, then Pius IV, appointed him secretary of St. Charles Borromeo. After, he became a priest, a Canon of St. Peter's, and later a Cardinal. And no servant in the Palace was more humble than the Cardinal whose father had once sold wool in the Abruzzi village.

And there is Cardinal Andrea of Austria, son of Ferdinand the First. He came to Rome in disguise as an ordinary pilgrim. Only word got to the Pope, and the Cardinal was made to take up his residence in the Vatican. One may well learn a lesson from the humility of the wearers of the Purple. Baronius, the great friend of St. Philip, had, literally, to be stripped of his worn, threadbare cassock before he would put on the robes of a Cardinal. And when he was told to live in the Vatican, he reluctantly agreed. And from the Oratory he brought with him two iron trestles. A board placed on them did for a mattress, and thus formed a bed. Yet men point fingers of scorn and talk of luxuries. No carriage in Rome is more simple, is plainer and less adorned than that of

**THE ROMAN JUBILEE OF 1575.**
**Pope Gregory XIII opening the Jubilee on Christmas Eve, 1574.**
(From a rare contemporary engraving).

Cardinal Bellarmine. A small man, sixty years old, his name has gone throughout the world, and in the halls of Oxford he is as famous as here, when he is preaching in the Church of Sta. Maria in Via.

And thus, wandering through the streets of Rome during this solemn Jubilee of 1600 you would see people of all sorts. There, near St. Mary Major, is an Englishman. The Pope recently confirmed him and offered him rich benefices, but he is going to be a Carmelite, a disciple of St. John of the Cross. And when he goes to Carmel he will lose the name of Calvin, and none will point him out as the relative of Calvin the heresiarch. And down by St. John's, near the Farnese Palace, near the Church of Gesu, you could have seen, just yesterday, some English students. They will return to England, and three of them, Smith, Almond and Watkinson, will be written down as Martyrs who laid down their lives for the Faith. And near St. Peter's, perhaps, you may see a tall man with grey hair and lined face. Once he was a soldier, a gambler, dissolute of life, loyal to the biggest purse, a soldier of any army : only now he is of Christ, and all that remains of his old life is the wound in his leg that causes him to limp. Camillus de Lellis, they call him. And near the Pantheon is the Church of the Fathers Ministers of the sick. In the old house of the Gesu the spirit of Ignatius and Francis Borgia lives on. On the Quirinal Hill is the Novitiate where Bartholomew Ricci had been Novice Master to St. Aloysius.

"It will soon be over" said my friend, the old man. "And the people will go back to their homes. The Pope will close the Holy Door which has been opened with such solemn ceremony on the last day of 1599, and it will stay closed for twenty-five years more. He will bless us, and the Jubilee of 1600 will be over. Some of us," and the old man sighed, "will be at no more Jubilees. We will make no more pilgrimages, only one. And that will be to another Holy City, and may the Father of All welcome us and tell us we have done well in the pilgrimage of Life."

## CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PASSION AND CONSEQUENCES.

### XXXIX.—Jesus Commends His Soul to His Father.

The clamour around the Cross of Jesus has subsided. The end is drawing near—Calvary is oppressed with a universal hush. The laboured breathing of the Crucified following on the cries "I thirst" and "It is consummated," and the enshrouding darkness, have shaken the nerve of the boldest in that vast multitude. . . . The irrevocable finality of what they have done appals them. . . . . This man might be the Son of God after all. . . . And if so, what then?

The priests, the chief instigators of this deed, now done beyond recall, knew the darkness was not from any eclipse of the sun; their knowledge of astronomy required for fixing the Paschal season, convinced them that there could not be an eclipse of the sun when the moon was full. What, then, was this darkness? They were in fear, but they stood their ground because they were afraid to move.

The massed spectators saw nothing now; heard nothing; said nothing. Too terrified to fly, they could only cling to each other and wait. . . . Was that the earth quaking under their feet? Some thought so, they were not sure . . . . but anything might happen in this oppressive gloom.

The Roman soldiers who had so casually cast lots for His garments, were on the alert now; their gods were in action, and the Cross of Jesus was the centre of the conflict. Discipline held them to duty, all the steadier since they had noticed their Centurion's reverence for, and deference to, Jesus and His friends since they had left the Praetorium.

What the sensitive but intrepid Mother of Jesus felt or thought—what the loyal few around her suffered and endured, has never been told. Magdalen may even have forgotten how gracefully Jesus had thanked her, six days ago, for anointing Him beforehand for His burial; but it is beyond us now, to tell what were their thoughts then; just as it was impossible then for them to foresee or tell what might happen next.

Such tension could not last long. "Jesus crying out with a loud voice, said: 'Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit, and saying this, and bowing His head, He gave up the ghost" (Luke, XXIII; John, XIX).

Jesus was dead. . . . Men had got their wish. . . . He was dead. . . . Dead, not by the hand of man. . . . Dead, not from any mortal wound of whip, or thorn, or nail . . . . but dead, O Almighty God, dead of a broken heart! For of that He died.

No one spoke aloud; a whisper, a murmur passed through the fear-filled throng: He is dead; He is dead. And then, for differing reasons, they were all sorry, when it was too late.

The priests were more discomfited now than ever; for having brought Him to the Cross for saying God was His Father, and having dared God to save Him

if He was His Son ; here Jesus, in dying, had called God His Father, as confidently as when He declared it in the Temple.

And it was from no failing courage, with no weak voice, Jesus had spoken to His Father ; nor was it by the will of man His heart broke, but by the free choice of His own Will. He had foretold : " I lay down My life that I may take it up again. No man taketh it away from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. And I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again " (John, X, 17, 18).

On the night of that day in Jerusalem, when He cleansed the Temple the first time, Nicodemus, with worshipful secrecy, captivated, and desiring more information, came to Him, and Jesus told him : " As Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so must the Son of Man be lifted up ; that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting " (John, III, 14, 15).

Jesus could not sin, but He could and did subject Himself to the penalty of sin ; " the wages of sin is death " (Romans, VI, 23). And as by Adam's sin all men were born in sin, and all men must die, so He, the everlasting Son of God from eternity, and Mary's Son in time, went down into the dark shadows of death, that we might live forever. How such a Person could die, even as Man, would have been a mystery had He not told us, He died because He willed it so.

This death of Jesus was much more than sufficient to redeem the whole world, for it was a much greater price than the whole world was worth ; but its very extravagance shows the value God sets on your soul and mine, and on other souls that men sell so cheaply.

What Jesus suffered in the violent separation of soul and body cannot be told. His human soul was the most perfectly created image to the likeness of God ; His body had been its befitting tabernacle ; they had been united in perfect harmony ; thus their separation by death had been an agony beyond our comprehension. But whatever His experience in that awful moment, He thought of us, and instituted a special sacrament, Extreme Unction, to assist and comfort us when we must pass alone through the dark, unknown, and dread corridors of death.

## THEMES FOR THOUGHT.

*" Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."*
*Jesus died of His own free Will ; no one could take His life from Him.*
*His implicit trust in God. He always calls Him " Father."*
*His last " Word " on the Cross is an act of Faith, Hope and Charity.*
*His thoughtfulness for us : a special Sacrament for the dying.*
*Jesus died in time, that we might live in eternity.*

## PRAYER

O Jesus, Thou didst indeed die of Thine own free Will ; but men of their own free will crucified Thee.

**I believe** that Thou art the Son of God, Who didst die for my redemption. **I hope** in Thee for that eternal salvation which Thou hast purchased for me, by the sacrifice of Thyself ; and **I love** Thee because Thou art the God Who created me, loved me, and when I sinned, redeemed me.

**I am sorry** for all my sins, because by them I have crucified Thee, my magnanimous Saviour, and **I am firmly resolved** by Thy holy grace, merited for me in Thy agony and death, never to sin again.

O crucified Jesus, help me to keep this resolution until I die.

REV. FATHER HUBERT, C.P.

## NAMES OF DECEASED.

V. Rev. Arthur Toner, P.P., Mother M. du Sanctuaire, Mary Frances Fisher, Lillie Connolly, Dr. Gerald Tierney, Michael Donoghue, Mary Musgrave, John Joseph Tuite, Maria Smith

# El Greco and His Art

FRANCIS DICKIE

*El Greco has been described as an artist who alternated between reason and delirium : one whose best pictures were painted only in his lucid intervals. Although this is an over-statement, it hints at the tragedy of his life : : : :*

AN unusual headline in the press a couple of months ago attracted the attention of the curious, who were intrigued by the challenging statement "*Police Guard for a Picture.*" It was not a "movie" however, but a work of art, the famous "Adoration of the Shepherds" by El Greco, which had been lent by its owner, the King of Roumania, for an exhibition of seventeenth century art in London. The painting, which measures 14 feet by 6 feet, is a rare example of the artist's work, and its value is said to run well into six figures. Originally in the collection of King Louis Philippe of France, the picture has only recently been shown to the world. Accompanied as far as Paris by the Keeper of the Roumanian Royal Pictures, the painting was received at Victoria Station, London, by a special guard of police, who escorted it to Burlington House, where it formed one of the chief sources of attraction at the exhibition.

Fashion in the artistic world is a very curious thing. Not so very long ago, as Mr. Jan Gordon noted in *The Observer*, that marvellous El Greco "would have been passed over with something of a sense of pity." Now it is highly rated by connoisseurs and critics alike. The incident has stimulated interest in the artist whose story is surely one of the most curious in the whole romantic history of Art. His very name, El Greco, marks him for the unique artist that he certainly was. Film stars and actors know the importance of a good professional name. We may well believe that if Domenico Theotocopulos had kept his family name, the world would never have heard of him. He took great pride in immortalising his original name, by signing it to many of his pictures. But when he settled down at Toledo in 1577 his neighbours found it too much trouble to recall such a polysyllabic mouthful, and simplified matters by calling him *El Greco*, "the Greek," the name by which he is now known to posterity.

Very little can be told about El Greco. There is a tradition that he studied in the school of Titian, so that his family was probably one of those which had taken refuge under the shadow of St. Mark's, in Venice, after the fall of Constantinople. He was born in the island of Candia in 1548, but he came to Toledo at the age of thirty, and there most of his life was spent. The world at large looks upon him as one of the Spanish painters.

Like many great artists, his was a many-sided genius. He had a well-founded reputation for wit and learning ; as a sculptor or an architect he would have left enduring fame ; whilst he is also said to have written books on Geometry, and to have possessed considerable legal skill. It is as a great painter that the world best remembers him, and great he is, if only for one picture which he painted "The Burial of the Count of Orgaz," a masterpiece of Castilian art, and one of the great pictures of all time.

With the possible exception of the house in which Cervantes lived, the home of El Greco is the most interesting house in Toledo. Here he dwelt for thirty-seven years, and his finest creations here saw the light. Just how much of the house now standing was inhabited by the painter is difficult to say. But it is a beautiful spot, and must always have been. Standing upon a promontory, its great garden, where countless roses bloom, looks away to the low mountains in the distance. The underground part of the house is perhaps the most interesting portion. Here lived the dark Marquess of Villena, who is said to have practised

the black arts of magic. Samuel-ha-Levi, the Jewish treasurer of Peter the Cruel, kept in the strong rooms of one of the underground vaults an enormous treasure in gold and jewels. Perhaps something of the ghostly past that hovered about the lower regions of the house affected El Greco, and came out in his paintings during the latter part of his life, when assuredly madness was his portion.

El Greco has been described as an artist who alternated between reason and delirium, one whose best pictures were painted only during his lucid intervals. While this is surely an over-statement of the case, it hints at the tragedy of his life. No artist has ever shown greater contrasts in his work—much of it is truly admirable and worthy of his genius, but he has left us other pictures which, from an artistic viewpoint are deplorable.

His first commission was a painting for the sacristy of the Cathedral at Toledo. For a subject he selected *El Despojo de las Vestiduras del Senor* : " The Parting of Our Saviour's Raiment." This is undoubtedly one of his finest works, the

**THE HOUSE OF EL GRECO AT TOLEDO**

colouring being particularly effective, although here and there it betrays symptoms of those mannerisms which later became the defects of El Greco's style. The figure of Our Lord is prominent in the centre of the picture ; He is clothed in a flowing red robe, and the expression on His countenance seems to mourn for the madness of those " who knew not what they did." The centurion in black armour, who stands by, is a portrait of the painter himself, whilst his daughter was the model for one of the three Maries in the foreground. For this painting, which took nearly ten years to complete, El Greco was paid 119,000 maravedis. More than this, it at once established his reputation. Philip II so highly esteemed it that he entrusted the painter with an important commission, to paint for the Palace of the Escorial a picture of the martyrdom of St. Maurice and the Christian Legion, who under the Emperor Maximian, preferred death to idolatry.

Unfortunately, El Greco had heard rumours that the critics had likened his style to that of Titian. He could not bear to be thought a mere copyist ; he

determined that his design and his colouring would be personal and peculiar to himself. Possessed with this idea he worked furiously at the painting, and produced a picture which, in the words of one critic " was little less extravagant and atrocious than the massacre which it recorded." The harsh colouring and lack of unity produced a most disagreeable effect, and the picture is full of strange flashes of light, which effectively destroy the beauty of the composition. The King had expected great things from El Greco, and had taken a personal interest in the progress of the work. There is still in existence an autograph order, dated April 25th, 1580, addressed to the Prior of the Escorial, authorising special expenditure on materials required by the painter. Philip II was bitterly disappointed with the finished picture. Making the best of a bad bargain, he accepted it and duly paid for it ; but it was never hung in its appointed place, and was relegated to an obscure corner of the Palace.

This may not have affected El Greco in any way. Perhaps, however, he was already on the road to madness, something of which shows in his later works. Hutton, the critic, says :—

> " It is from this time that El Greco's figures seem to lose touch with the actual world ; they are ghosts that no longer feel the proportions of earth, beings that tower into a life that is no longer human. You find them everywhere in the old churches of Toledo, vague and eager faces peering into the dark ; terrible insistent figures tortured by some extraordinary restlessness, oblivious of everything but the barrenness of life, a sort of cruelty that is too brutal to be borne."

Before this degenerate period of his art had set in, he was commissioned to paint a special picture for Cardinal Quiroga. He produced *El Entierro del Conde de Orgaz* : "The Burial of the Count of Orgaz," still to be seen in the Church of St. Thomé, Toledo, where it is an object of pilgrimage to every student of Spanish art. The legend thus immortalised on canvas may be summarised as follows : Gonzalez Ruiz, Count of Orgaz, the head of a house famous in romance and history, rebuilt the Church of St. Thomé. He was in all respects so religious and so gracious a grandee that when he died in 1323, St. Stephen and St. Augustine came down from heaven and laid his body in the tomb with their own hands. The story is engraven upon a black marble slab close by, and the mortal remains of the Count lie below the picture. El Greco painted this at the height of his power as a great creative artist. At least this is my opinion, and also that of others more learned in the technique of painting. There is in it a perfection of detail, a marvellously life-like representation of a great number of human faces, and something shadowy too, of unearthly things, without the vagueness, the distortion, the nebulous unreality of the work of his later years.

In the picture St. Stephen is represented as a youth of noble bearing, whilst St. Augustine is bowed with age. The dead body of the Count, clothed in armour, is being lowered into the grave. " Nothing can be finer than the execution and the contrast of the three heads," declares an eminent critic, whose name escapes me for the moment. " Never was the image of the peaceful death of ' the just man ' more happily conveyed than in the placid face and powerless form of the dead warrior ; nor did Giorgione or Titian ever excel the splendid colouring of his black armour, rich with its gold damascening." Behind this principal group appears a group of mourners, all noble hidalgos of purest Castilian blood, who look on at the miraculous burial with true Castilian courtesy and gravity, as if it were one of the most commonplace things of life. The upper part of the picture, which represents the reception of the soul of the warrior into heaven, displays some of the painter's characteristic faults. Here, as elsewhere, his fear of resembling Titian led him into abnormal extravagances. Our Lord, accompanied by Our Blessed Lady, is enthroned upon unreal-looking clouds, which would remind the onlooker of the ineffective scenery of an amateur stage. Between them kneels the spirit of Gonzalez, represented as a being so gigantic in size that he

"THE BURIAL OF THE COUNT OF ORGAZ."
The acknowledged masterpiece of El Greco.

dwarfs the remainder of the heavenly host, and might well be mistaken for "some ungainly Goliath of Gath or vanquished gyaunt of romance." For all that, it is truly a masterpiece; it alone would be sufficient to establish El Greco as a Master.

El Greco seems to have been typical of the artistic type so often caricatured in fiction. He would engage in work with furious energy, for the most part disdaining all niceties of style or refinements of detail, drawing the brush hither and thither across the canvas with all the frenzy of genius. No one has better hit off his mannerism and his style than the witty M. Theophile Gautier, who in his lively and entertaining *Voyage en Espagne* says of him :—

"Pour donner à sa peinture l'apparence d'être faite avec une grande fierté de touche, il jette ça et là des coups de brosse d'une pétulance et d'une brutalité incroyables, des lueurs minces et acerées, qui traversent les ombres comme des lames de sabre; tout cela n'empeche pas le Greco d'être un grand peintre . . . . dans tout cela regnet une énergie depravée, une puissance maladive qui trahissent le grand peintre et le feu de génie."

As a portrait painter, El Greco might also have gained great prominence. In the Royal Gallery at Madrid (or should one perhaps say former Royal Gallery ?)

he is represented by a series of portraits, some of which, in the judgment of critics, are hardly inferior to Velasquez. Other portraits by El Greco are in the Louvre, notably one of his favourite daughter, Mary, a truly beautiful piece of work, of which it has been happily said "her fond father has put forth all his skill in depicting her countenance, one of the most beautiful that death has ever dimmed or that the pencil ever rescued from the grave."

For all the faults of his paintings, El Greco is highly esteemed as an artist. During the early portion of his life, he gave to Spanish painting a new vitality, a movement and a colour that was entirely novel and made him a figure in the artistic world. Almost alone amongst his contemporaries, he realised the existence of cold tones, and leaving aside the warmth and vivid formality so much favoured by his brother artists, he painted greys and remarkably anticipated the tendencies of modern art. His design is strongly individualistic, as is always that of the truly great painter, but there is something fantastic in it—an unreality, a something spectral even in his best work. A very striking example of this may be seen in his picture "The Agony in the Garden," now in the National Gallery, London. The figure of Our Saviour kneeling in prayer is truly admirable, as is also that of the Angel who appears on the left of the picture. But all the rest is strange and unreal, conveying an indefinable sense of spiritual conflict. The moon rides obscurely in the midst of lowering clouds, the gaunt mis-shapen rocks tower ominously in the shadowy background; the sleeping Apostles and the approaching Judas seem utterly remote from the atmosphere of tension which radiates from the figure of the Man of Sorrows.

As a man, he was beloved by his contemporaries, and possessed the enviable reputation of never being for a moment idle. He died in 1625, at Toledo, and was buried amidst general sorrow, in the Church of St. Bartolmé.

## Red Propaganda in the Making

An interesting item in *Our Sunday Visitor* (Huntingdon, Ind.) tells how Red propaganda is prepared for the deception of the masses in many lands. Here is how the Soviet manufactures "evidence" to deceive its dupes:

*Osservatore Romano*, semi-official Vatican newspaper, recently described the manner in which Communists manufacture their propaganda, which is intended to convert the world. In this instance the Reds make use of motion pictures to give the impression that freedom of religion exists under Communist rule. A foreigner in Barcelona, it says, was astonished to see issuing undisturbed from a church a religious procession. He was told to look behind him, and, on doing so, saw a movie camera in action. He understood and walked away.

The *Osservatore* quotes the *Courier of Geneva* as saying that the episode is not only Catalan, that it not only serves as a symbol of Red tolerance, but also as an organized means of propaganda.

"The agents of the Marxist propaganda," the paper declares, "have gone so far as to take pictures of parodies of the Mass in order to accredit the declarations of Senor Negrin with regard to worship."

"The 'prize' scene of the Soviet technicians was prepared and taken in the old convent of Our Lady of Pompeii on Alfonso XIII street, April 14. As is known, the church and the convent, although interiorly transformed, have maintained their outward lines intact, because suddenly seized on July 18, 1936, they had been destined for care of the wounded. But from this hospital, as if a religious community continued to live there and as if devotion to the Blessed Virgin had never ceased to flourish, the 'actors' came forth in procession; the worst types of revolutionary demagogues dressed in sacred vestments, with long, sorrowful faces, seemingly recollected in prayer."

"That same day," continues the Geneva paper, "a person from Gerona, whose name we know but do not give for fear of bloodshed, while walking in a small and picturesque quarter of the old city of Carolingia, came, unexpectedly, upon a stormy mob of priests, armed to the teeth. It was a documentary 'piece' for Marxist instruction on the aggressions of the clergy against the innocent and peaceful revolutionaries. In this case, also, any number of persons could have stood amazed in the presence of the movie photographer who took the scene of revolutionary 'provocation.' We know that this 'film' will be given the title: 'The Truth of the Spanish Revolution. . . . The democratic republic maintains worship despite the aggressions of the clergy'."

# Priez Pour Paix

This beautiful and tender prayer for peace, particularly appropriate for the present troubled times, is translated from the *Ballade* written by Charles d'Orleans when a prisoner in England after the battle of Agincourt. The translator is B. C. Boulter, and the lines appeared in the *Church Times*, London :

*Pray thou for Peace, thou gentle Maid Marie,*
*Queen of the Heavens that over earth hast sway ;*
*Summon all Saints, of thy great charity,*
*That they to thy Almighty Son may pray.*
*Do thou before Him our petition lay ;*
*Pray Him, Who did consent for us to die,*
*To turn on us, His folk, a pitying eye,*
*And from His ransomed banish war's distress,*
*Whose fell confusion setteth all awry.*
*Pray thou for Peace, true fount of happiness.*
*Pray ye, O bishops, men of sanctity ;*
*Ye monks, spend not in idle dream the day ;*
*Ye who in learning have the mastery*
*Pray well, that God may hear without delay.*
*How shall ye then God's service duly say,*
*When in the wars both prayer and study fly,*
*And all is in confusion far and nigh,*
*And convents are destroyed without redress ?*
*Lest ye the word of Holy Church deny,*
*Pray ye for Peace, true fount of happiness.*
*Pray ye, my lords, who wield your sovranty,*
*Kings, dukes, counts, barons, in your fine array,*
*And all ye gentle knights of chivalry.*
*Villains on your nobility do prey,*
*For their ill deeds compelling you to pay.*
*They reach high state, so cunningly they lie,*
*As ye yourselves may every day descry.*
*How shall ye use your wealth the poor to bless,*
*When these do both despoil you and defy ?*
*Pray ye for Peace, true fount of happiness.*
*Pray, all ye nations suffering tyranny,*
*Which feeble rulers can no more allay,*
*Nor can protect you, as their charge should be,*
*Nor help you, when distresses on you weigh.*
*Ye honest merchants, struggle as ye may,*
*See how your laden back is piled more high*
*By war ; for then ye cannot sell nor buy,*
*Nor find safe passage for your business,*
*So many a deadly peril ye espy.*
*Pray ye for Peace, true fount of happiness.*

*ENVOI*

*To God Almighty now for help we cry,*
*Praying the Lord of earth and sea and sky*
*To free us soon from all this bitterness.*
*Who else for all our ills can health supply ?*
*Pray we for Peace, true fount of happiness.*

# The Golden Ladder

A. N. WRIGHTSON

*I was but a tourist, a stranger who had found the witchery of the Eternal City irresistible, but as I walked back to my hotel I was surprised to find how lonely I felt. The vision of the Golden Ladder kept dancing in my memory* : :

I CAN see him now as if it but happened yesterday. I was standing in the Piazza di Spagna, near the house where Keats died. Although it was January, I was able to enjoy the glories of the soft Roman sunset. He was one of a company of young ecclesiastical students who were on their way to the Pincian Hill for a breath of fresh air after lectures at the crowded and badly-ventilated Gregorian University. They had arrived at the foot of that wonderful flight of steps which the guide-books call the Scala di Trinita, but which is better known as the Spanish Steps. Being a stranger, I was in difficulties, and having asked the way in my best Italian, a stolid carabineer nodded his head and replied sententiously : "Si, Signore," and walked away.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful," said a clear young voice, and one of the students pointed out the scene to his companions.

I was delighted to hear my own language, and drew near to inquire the way to the Via Sistina.

"First turn on the right when you come to the top of the Steps, sir," replied the young Levite, evidently pleased at being of service to a fellow-countryman.

"It is a glorious view," I said, after thanking him. "I am sure that Keats must have had some solace here for all his troubles."

"Yes!" answered the young student, smiling at me in such a friendly fashion that I felt I had known him for years. Meanwhile, his companions were taking stock of me, but I was anxious to prolong the conversation with the youth. I remarked that the poet had indeed chosen beautiful surroundings for his death and last resting-place.

"Do you remember what Shelley wrote about it in his 'Adonais'?"

"Well!" he replied, after a little thought, "it runs like this: 'John Keats was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery under the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of Rome—an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place'."

I watched the young student as he repeated the immortal lines, and I fancied him as steadfast as a mediaeval knight aflame with enthusiasm for the things of God. Yet he was only an Irish boy, albeit graceful and manly in the picturesque folds of a black cloak, which covered a violet soutane girded by a crimson sash. Whilst we lingered to admire the glories of the Spanish Steps, steeped in the golden glamour of an Italian winter sunset, suddenly an idea seemed to cross his mind.

"Don't you think that the Steps remind you of a story from the Bible?" he asked.

"Well, I am not sure that I can remember the passage" I replied.

"Surely you must recall the Golden Ladder of Jacob's Vision?"

"Of course it is exactly like it, now that you mention it," I ventured, and searched my memory for the text which soon came to my lips. . . . "And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to Heaven."

That old alchemist the sun, now setting behind the vast dome of St. Peter's,

had transmuted the hundred and thirty spacious steps into a ladder of the purest gold. At the very top, standing in relief against the evening sky, the old Church of the Trinita, with its twin towers, sparkled and glittered like the many-jewelled Gate of Heaven. There is not another sight in all the world as lovely as the Spanish Steps before twilight. At our feet was spread a fairy carpet of flowers. The flower-girls of Rome have chosen this site as a suitable background for their fragrant treasures. The heaps of jewels in the Cave of Aladdin are as naught when compared with the piles of rubies, sapphires, pearls and amethysts which glowed at our feet in dream-like profusion that January evening. Large branches of delicate pink and white almond blossoms waved gracefully beneath huge green umbrellas resembling giant toad-stools. There were shining ranks of lilies and daffodils, and roses enough to bring tears of envy to the King's Head Gardener. The whole Piazza was drenched with the perfume of roses, stocks and homely mignonette.

Jacob's Golden Ladder to Heaven. . . . How was it that this comparison had never hitherto occurred to the great company of writers and artists who have made immortal the beauty of the Scala di Trinita, the superb Spanish Steps? I could have lingered there for long enough, but as it was near the time for three hundred bells to toll the *Angelus*, and my new friends were in haste to return to the College opposite the Barberini Palace, after a few questions we parted with regret, on my part at any rate. I was but a tourist, a stranger who had found the witchery of the Eternal City irresistible, but as I walked back to my hotel and sat in my room I was surprised to find how lonely I felt. I could not forget that young student, and somehow the vision of the Golden Ladder kept dancing in my memory. Before I retired to rest I looked up the text in my pocket Bible, and read: "The top of it reached to Heaven; and behold! the Angels of God ascending and descending!"

* * * * *

I had never spoken to a priest in Dublin where I had been born and educated. Secret visits to a dim old church off Grafton Street assumed the proportions of a mighty adventure. And now I was in the Eternal City, looking at the great dome of St. Peter's flashing in the bright moonlight. All around me were the sounds of Rome. The continual racket of the street cars, ably seconded by the sleepy shouts of the wine-cart drivers, made me resolve to change my quarters on the morrow. I put up at the Albergo d'Italia, which is situated opposite the Seminary where my new acquaintance lived. When I saw him for the second time he was lying in agony, having broken two bones as a result of a football accident.

My conversion to the Catholic Church and my vocation to the priesthood began in his sick room. When his companions were at the University, or otherwise engaged in the manifold duties of a Roman student's life, we exchanged confidences. As a result of what I heard and saw in the first Catholic home I had ever known intimately, I put myself into the kind and patient hands of one of the Passionist Fathers of San Giovanni e Paolo. I was duly received into the Church, and shortly afterwards began to climb the steep hill that leads to the Sacred Altar of God.

Now I have reached the end of my tale. All this happened more years ago than I like to recall. I have climbed the Spanish Steps a few times since then. As the years go by my ascent grows more halting, and I find the long flight leaves me panting for breath when I reach the top.

It is not the glorious view that brings me back so often. I like to rest a little while and ponder on all that befell me since the day when first I saw that wonderful sight. The Spanish Steps are my Golden Ladder, set up on earth and reaching Heaven. From them I began the uphill journey to the City of God. When evening comes, and I am too feeble to walk alone, I pray that the angels will make a little room for one poor sinner, and set my tired feet firmly on the Golden Ladder that reaches to the Everlasting Throne of God.

# Modern Hermits

ANTHONY DEMPSEY

*Hermits and recluses do not belong entirely to the past, for there are hermits still at Camaldoli. Perpetual silence reigns there, broken only by the murmur of trees and the bell that so often calls to prayer.*

WE had thought that hermits and recluses were a thing of the past, but here we are, in the year 1937, talking to a real live hermit. We were visiting the ancient Eremo of Camaldoli, in Tuscany, not many miles from Florence, and over 3,000 feet above sea-level. The hermitage is near the summit of the mountain : all round are magnificent peaks, and pine forests which were planted by the hermits of years gone by. Perpetual silence reigns there, broken only by the murmur of trees and streams, and the bell that so often calls to prayer.

Our hermit, the subject of many questions, first showed us the cells. There are twenty of them, all alike, each walled off from the others, in parallel rows of five, with a main " street " down the centre. One gets the impression of being in a neatly laid-out village. Each cell is a rectangular, one-storied, self-contained, cottage, and in the porch there is an opening through which food is passed. Our guide showed us inside his own cell. There is a big room, one side of which is divided into two parts—one a study, small and neat, with a window, a desk, and books ranged on shelves all round the desk. The other part—an alcove made of wood—forms a bunk-like recess for the hermit's bed. Over the wood is laid a hard straw mattress and a couple of blankets. The hermits sleep in their white habits. Another room formed an oratory, complete with altar and even the Stations of the Cross. At the back there is a kind of lumber room holding the hermit's gardening tools and a supply of firewood. There is real need of a fire in winter time, for the hermitage is often covered with heavy snows. Even in summer, because of the altitude, the air is always cool and bracing. We noted that the cottages are fitted with running water and electric light. In front of each cell there is a little garden in which the hermit grows vegetables and flowers. All these gardens are prettily cultivated : strawberries make inviting borders along the paths, and cabbages are side by side with dahlias.

The hermits lead an austere life : they do not eat meat, and they sleep little, rising each night for midnight office. We pictured them walking from their cells to the choir stalls in the snowstorms of the winter nights. They say office at the original canonical hours, and thus their day is much broken up.

It was interesting to learn that one of the cells—No. 13, *Cella de' Medici*—was built in 1543 as a result of a penance imposed by Leo X on Princess Maria de' Medici, who, to satisfy her feminine curiosity, dressed as a man and visited the hermitage, thus violating the Enclosure and incurring the penalty of excommunication. Her atonement consisted in having this cell built.

At the end of the little " village " there is a chapel in which, catacomb fashion, the monks are buried in niches in the walls. There we were shown the incorrupt body of one of the Blessed of the Order.

We next visited the cell of St. Romuald, the founder of the Camaldolese monks, who received this mountain as a gift from Count Maldolo. As far back as 1012 the saint had five cells and an oratory built. The cells have increased to twenty, all built on the original pattern, and some of the first five restored, still stand. In place of the oratory there is now a beautiful church—big, baroque, and richly decorated—in which the hermits gather for Mass and Divine Office. From the two Campanile the rich-toned bells, heard for miles around, often call the hermits

**THE HERMITAGE OF CAMALDOLI**
**General View of the Cells.**

from their cells to choir. In the stalls they still use age-old breviaries of such great size that three or four can read from the one book while reciting office. There are some very old Della Robbia terracottas, and not a few beautiful paintings, for artists have often been numbered among the hermits. Leading from the church is a fine Chapter Room. Nearby is the communal kitchen where lay-brothers cook meals to be carried to the cells. There is also a fine refectory in which the hermits gather together for dinner on certain big feasts of the year. On those occasions silence is not dispensed during the meal, but afterwards the Abbot gives permission to talk over the coffee.

The bell was now ringing for Office, and we watched the hermits, in flowing white choir dress, come down from their cottages. A tall man with a swinging military stride caught our eye, and on enquiry we learned that he had been a captain in the Italian Army during the war. Another interesting personage who has been a hermit there now for eleven years is Mons. Bianchi (now Dom Jerome), who had been secretary to holy, beloved Pius X. What a trio they were at the Vatican in those days—Pius X, Cardinal Merry del Val his Secretary of State (both of whose causes are being urged) and this Mons. Bianchi, now living a hermit's life.

One of the hermits comes from far away Brazil, and another from Bavaria: and indeed down through the centuries men from far distant lands have been attracted to Camaldoli.

The terse inscription over the church door sums up beautifully the life of these Camaldoli monks—"*Ego vobis, vos mihi*"—"I to you, you to Me."

# Red Candle

L. DALY

*It had begun to rain lightly, and acting on a sudden whim, Kellagan stepped up to the door.*

*"Mind if I step in from the shower?" he asked agreeably.*

*"You're welcome!" the owner of the cottage replied, easily. It was a crisis for Kellagan.*

AS he strolled aimlessly along the winding road leading out from Rathdrenna to the open country, Joseph Kellagan, late of Mandleton Jail, that well-known English "rest-house" for criminals, kept pondering the words addressed to him when leaving, by the prison chaplain.

"Joe Kellagan, stubborn as you are, and putting aside your religion while calling yourself a Catholic, you seem to me to be a victim of circumstances, and there is much good in you. You say your parents, whom you don't remember, were Irish? Well, in God's name, go to where your parents came from—in fact, to any part of Ireland. Times are bad, but there you may find work on the land, and here you have shown on the farm a bent in that direction. The Irish are kindly, and no one need know your past nor throw it in your face: also you will there be free from the bad influence which has used your loyal nature for selfish ends."

Well, he had taken Father Grove's advice, the rail and boat ticket he had kindly provided, and a little money to go on with, which the good priest had received from a friend interested in helping "down and outs," and now he was nearing the end of his second week in Rathdrenna.

No one had ever heard of the name he bore. The Civic Guards seemed interested in his movements, and work on the land seemed a myth. Farmers wanted no extra hands, being unable to pay them through depressed times. Anyway, no matter what Father Grove's opinion of him might be, a jailbird has no chance in ordinary life, he mused. His record seemed to float on the air like radio music. No one had hinted anything, but with the civility of the people there was a coolness. "Civil and strange" that was the way to describe them.

His friend and foster-brother, Jimmy Sidley, with whom he had been sentenced to imprisonment for "robbery with violence" would have to remain in jail another two years. So he had no object in returning to England at present. But his small stock of money was running out, and how was he to exist? His landlady was poor and from one placed as she was he could not ask long credit

Presently he realised that it was almost dark and that he was hungry, having had his last frugal meal at one o'clock. Now it was close on seven, he felt sure. He was slowly retracing his steps to the village, when a light suddenly gleamed from the window of a nearby cottage standing a little way back from the road in a patch of garden.

It had begun to rain lightly, and acting on a sudden whim Kellagan stepped through the little gateway and up to the half-door.

"Mind if I step in from the shower?" he asked agreeably, leaning his clean-cut, ruddy face inward.

The owner of the cottage, an elderly man, turned from the lamp upon the mantel-shelf with which he had been busy, and glanced over his shoulder.

"You're welcome," he replied easily, "pull up the stool to the fire, for though 'tis only a sprinkle, 'tis cool enough with it."

Kellagan entered and drew the stool to the fire as invited, while the other threw a log on the blaze, over which a kettle was singing its way to boiling point.

"You might as well have a cup of tay as you're here," he pursued. "I'll be

making it in a minute, for the woman of the house is laid up with rheumatics. 'Tis well for you to be young and know nothing of the likes."

" An ache in the mind can be pretty bad at any age," smiled Kellagan ruefully, holding his hands to the blaze.

" You look a fine hearty lad, without a care—but looks are deceitful," the old man responded, apparently preoccupied with preparations for the evening meal, cutting thick slices of bread, and making the tea in a large brown teapot and setting it beside the hearth to keep hot.

" The first time I saw you pass by here, you minded me of someone ; I can't think who. Would it be any harm to ask what part of the world you come from ? "

" No harm whatever," replied the other, and after a pause said : " I came here from England to see if I could find any relatives of my own name—Kellagan. I was told my father and mother were from about Rathdrenna. They died very soon after each other, father first, then mother, when I was not quite four. A stranger brought me up. She was very good to me, was mother Sidley, but she's dead a long while now, so I've no one except her son, a fine fellow, Jimmy, but a bit wild maybe. He's away now, seems like my real brother to me, poor Jim."

" Mat Doyne is my name," observed the old man pouring out tea for his guest. " There's not another of the name for ten miles around, but yours is out and out strange. I never heard the name ' Kellagan ' before."

" I must take in a cup to herself," he went on, " and let you help yourself, you have everything before you, for I'll be inside a bit, as Mrs. Doyne is unhandy at her meals on account of the pains." Presently he returned, and as he sat at the table urged Kellagan to eat and drink.

" You're not more than nineteen or twenty, I'm sure—you should be eating a terrible lot at your age."

" I've eaten a lot—you are a good sort, and I'm just twenty. I wish all the folk around here were like you ! "

" Are you looking for work ? Because if so you might as well give up. Work is scarce, unless you have a special gift for car driving or the like. Some of the big people about like Englishmen around these jobs, most of them being English or half-English themselves. But then you'd have to give a good reference. Mrs. O'Callaghan-Barr might give you a job about horses, but she's a very peculiar lady, they say."

" I drove a motor-van for a greengrocer for a year, before that I wheeled a truck for the same man. He went broke—only for that I needn't be looking for work now. In another place I had a lot to do with farm-horses and farm-work. A priest over there will give me a reference any time."

" A priest's letter wouldn't be any use with Mrs. O'Callaghan-Barr, I fancy. Her own people were bigoted, it is said, being of pervert stock ; but her husband, the Colonel—he's dead the poor man—had a great heart for everybody."

" Well, I'm a sort of Catholic myself. Father Grove, the priest I told you about, wanted to teach me all about it, but I wouldn't agree, for mother Sidley said that though my mother told her I was baptised a Catholic, my father told her one time the less said about that the better. Though he became a Catholic when he was dying she thought it better I didn't go to Catholic schools or churches, as there was a ' something ' about that religion not for my good, maybe. She taught me to say ' God bless me ' every night and morning, and I do, except I forget once in a way. That's all the religion I've got."

" Maybe that same will bring you right yet," Mat Doyne was saying, when his wife called from the inner room, and he hurried to the bedroom door.

When he returned Kellagan was standing up to go.

" So you're leaving me ? " the old man said. " I'm sorry you have to be off so soon. Herself inside, that heard us talking, and she'd take it kindly if you slipped into the church on your way through the village and lit a candle for her

before the crucifix on your right as you face the high altar. You'll see the candles on the brass stand lighting before it. She can't go herself, you know, and I can't leave her at present. Red candles they are."

Kellagan blushed—he had not set foot in Rathdrenna Church since his arrival, the " something " which hung between him and his religion being the sole reason, but now he could not refuse this kind old man's wife the little thing she asked.

"Good night—God bless you, and come in any time and every time you like," echoed warmly in his heart a minute later, as he moved off towards the village through the keen wet air.

" It was great to have a palaver with any old body," he thought contentedly, and presently began to sing a snatch of an old-time song. But it died on his lips as he turned the next bend in the road and came upon an overturned motor-car on the grass by the hedge. The lights were still on but there was no sign of life around.

" Hallo ! " he cried. " Anybody hurt in there ? "

" Come this way," responded an imperious, if rather shaky female voice a little ahead, and in a few seconds Kellagan found himself standing beside the owner of the voice, a vague shape seated on the grass bordering the road.

" Can you stand, lady ? " he queried bending over her.

" What is your name, and where did you hear that song you've been singing ?" she asked before answering his question.

" Learnt it from a woman in England. She'd learned it from my father years and years ago. My name is Kellagan, lady."

" Your name sounds Irish of some kind—*you* sound English. If I could stand should I be sitting here, my man ? I have a broken arm, a sprained ankle and some bad cuts. I ought to be insensible, but apparently I am not. Go into the village as quickly as you can and get out Dr. Crehan in his car. You come with him—if he is at home, if not get his wife out in *her* car, and come with her."

" Very good, lady," Kellagan replied, hurrying off as bidden.

The door of the parish church, at the near end of the village was half closed as he came along, and thinking : " First come, first served—here goes for the red candle," he made a dash for the chapel-yard and bounded in the half-open side-door.

Altar-boys were putting out the lights after Benediction, but the votive tapers still burned at the various shrines, and the red candles before the great Cross with the beautiful dying Christ looking down on them were not easy to miss. All at once Joe Kellagan remembered a Good Friday sermon of Father Grove's at Mandleton, and how he stressed so beautifully the Words addressed by his dying Saviour to the penitent thief : " THIS DAY THOU SHALT BE WITH ME IN PARADISE." Quickly he lit the old woman's candle, then looking up to the divine suffering face far above the tapers he took another, and as he set it lighting in its place whispered fervently : " *God make it easy for Jimmy to be honest when he comes out, and I'll not bother about that ' something ' and try to act Catholic, as I ought.*"

* * * * *

When Kellagan in the back of Dr. Crehan's car, reached the scene of the motor accident, it seemed to him that no more than five minutes had elapsed since he had started on his errand, but the injured lady's opinion was different, and she said so, delaying the doctor's examination of her arm and ankle to speak her mind.

Dr. Crehan, who had recognised her by the light of the electric torch held by his man whom he had brought with him, interrupted soothingly.

" Well, now, Mrs. O'Callaghan-Barr, this is too bad, that you should be in such a plight, but since it has happened, we won't mind how long the boy took—we really made no delay. With such a smash-up you've had a remarkable escape. To a heroine of the hunting-field a sprained ankle or so, or a bit of a twist to the

arm with an abrasion or two on the face are a mere nothing ! Now young lad, now you Mike, come here—lift the lady carefully while I spread the rug at the back of my car. Yes, of course—along the floor—no other way. Boy, you get in and hold this cushion back of the lady's shoulder. That's all right, now Mrs. Barr, I'll have you home and in bed in no time."

Dr. Crehan was as good as his word, in less than twelve minutes he had arrived at Annavale, the residence of the injured lady, but in that space, short as it was, Mrs. O'Callaghan-Barr had by close and rapid questioning learned all there was to be known of Joe Kellagan's life-story, with the exception of the incidents which led to his imprisonment.

Presently they passed through the great open gates and soon were in sight of an old Georgian mansion from which servants came hurrying out. Joe helped to carry in their mistress, and also with the assistance of her elderly maid to place her on her bed.

As he was leaving the room Mrs. O'Callaghan-Barr called him back.

" Wait downstairs for the doctor," she said. " In a day or two you shall hear from me."

" Thank you, lady. Good night, hoping you will soon be right," Joe said, delighted at the prospect, he hoped, of getting work.

It was long before the doctor arrived downstairs, and when he did, and his man came from Mrs. Barr's kitchen, he ordered Kellagan to sit beside him in front and his man " Mike " to get in to the back of the car, and presently they moved off, the doctor driving slowly, for he had much to say to Joe on behalf of the lady whose bedside he had just left.

" Mrs. O'Callaghan-Barr has come to the conclusion that you are the son of her twin brother who died in England many years ago," Dr. Crehan said in a low voice to the lad beside him as they moved down the avenue. " His father cast him off for marrying old Mat Doyne's pretty daughter, Mary. They lived in London in great poverty. When you were born he wrote to his sister for help—he could get no work and his health was failing. She sent money and said his father hoped he would bring you up a Protestant. After that she heard no more from her brother. She heard he had become a Catholic before he died a few years later. Up to that time, being in great need he wished to keep secret that you had been baptised a Catholic. After his death your mother moved with the woman with whom she lodged to some other part of England and was lost sight of. Mrs. Barr thinks you resemble herself and your father, and so you do, but better-looking, and you have your mother's eyes—I well remember poor Mary Doyne. Now, she wants me to ask you whether you will go away and get a training and education suitable to the future master of Annavale, or whether you would prefer to settle hereabouts on a farm, with an income to secure you against losses. In the latter case, you must promise to keep your relationship with her secret, and retain the name " Kellagan " (by which some English people mean ' Callaghan '), at least until after her death. She feels that it is only right you should have some provision for your future, being her brother's child. To-morrow you will come to my house and let me know your decision if—"

" I'll tell you now, doctor," interrupted Kellagan. " I never expected to turn out a toff—don't want to, nor to be related to the good lady. It seems I have a claim to some of what my father ought to have had, so I'll take the farm all right—just what I'd like. But I've been jailed—telling you straight. A friend of mine was doing a bit of burgling one night (I admit I didn't know what he was at, I only came on the scene) and he was getting the worst of it in a scuffle with the owner of the place, when I gave the chap one on the jaw and knocked him. The police came along and we were arrested, so I got mixed up in " robbery with violence " and did time for it. Just as well a grand lady didn't have me for a relation ! "

"These things sometimes happen," said the doctor non-commitally as he let Joe Kellagan out at the entrance to Rathdrenna.

"There's a telegram here the evening long for you," said his landlady, as he entered her cottage, and Joe took it in surprise, wondering who had sent it.

Presently he knew. It ran:

"Jimmy died this evening, fortified by the rites of the Church. Writing.

FATHER GROVE."

* * * * *

Mrs. O'Callaghan-Barr kept her word and Joe Kellagan kept his. He keeps clear of her and is happy in his life on the farm, and in the home which old Mat Doyne and his wife make so dear to him. Father Grove visits him when he can, and agrees with Grannie Doyne that Joe's spiritual and temporal welfare, and Jimmy Sidley's conversion and happy death date from the instant her grandson at her behest lit a certain red candle in Rathdrenna Church.

But Kellagan likes to remember the one he lit of his own accord.

## The Annunciation

**(FEAST : MARCH 25th)**

A sudden blaze of holy light—
An angel stands—
And Mary seized with vague affright
Clasps humble hands—
But Gabriel speaks and utters low
The Salutation
That soon shall hover on the lips
Of every nation!
"Hail, Mary! Have no fear!" he saith
For God reveals
To thee, the flower of Nazareth
That now He seals
Thy holy doom. Hail, full of grace
Thou art the Portal—
He chooseth thee the Word to bear
Blessed above mortal!"

ROSE A. CARTER.

*Book Rights Reserved.*

# Passionist Missions and Retreats

**LENT, 1938**

The following are amongst the Missions and Retreats to be given by the Passionist Fathers of St. Patrick's Province during the Lenten season :—

| | |
|---|---|
| St. James's, James's Street, Dublin | FF. Kieran and Herman. |
| St. Nicholas of Myra, Francis Street, Dublin | FF Gerard and Hilary. |
| St. Kevin's, Harrington Street, Dublin | FF. Casimir and Albert. |
| Our Lady of Refuge, Rathmines, Dublin | FF. Frederick and Vincent. |
| Three Patrons, Rathgar, Dublin | FF. Herman and Edmund. |
| St. Michael's, Kilmainham, Dublin | FF. Terence and Daniel. |
| Holy Cross, Dundrum, Co. Dublin (Women) | Fr. Cormac. |
| Do. do. do. (Men) | Fr. Edmund. |
| Kilmacud, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin | Fr. Hilary. |
| St. Paul's, Mount Argus, Dublin | FF. Gerard and Matthew. |
| Gárda Siochána (Metropolitan Division) | FF. Sylvius and Isidore. |
| St. Peter's, Milford Street, Belfast | FF. Casimir and Celsus. |
| St. Patrick's, Donegall Street, Belfast | FF. Sylvius and Enda. |
| St. Mary's, Chapel Lane, Belfast | FF. Albert and Isidore. |
| St. Joseph's, Pilot Street, Belfast | FF. Ephrem and Ignatius. |
| St. Teresa's, Glen Road, Belfast | Fr. Frederick. |
| Hannastown, Belfast | Fr. Richard. |
| The Cathedral, Cork | FF. Kieran, Aloysius and Vivian. |
| St. Peter's, Drogheda, Co. Louth | FF. Austin and Paschal. |
| Portadown, Co. Armagh | FF. Victor and Vincent. |
| Bohola, Co. Mayo | FF. Terence and Jerome. |
| Charlestown, Co. Mayo | FF. Austin and Paschal. |
| Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare | FF. Austin and Christopher. |
| Immaculate Conception, Maryhill, Glasgow | FF. Colman and Daniel. |
| St. Joseph's, Woodside Road, Glasgow | FF. Owen and Matthew. |
| Cardowan, Stepps, Glasgow | FF. Colman and Owen. |
| Students, University College, Dublin | Fr. Edmund. |
| E. de M., Knocklong, Co. Limerick | Fr. Frederick. |
| Boarders, Convent of Mercy, Arklow | Fr. Vivian. |
| Secondary Pupils, Convent of Mercy, Swinford | Fr. Gerard. |
| School of Domestic Economy, Swinford | Fr. Gerard. |
| Business Girls, Ravenswell, Bray, Co. Wicklow | Fr. Edmund. |
| Children, St. Peter's, Belfast | Fr. Hilary. |
| Do. St. Patrick's, Belfast | Fr. Enda. |

Applications for Missions and Retreats, which should be sent in good time, should be addressed to : V. Rev. Fr. Provincial, C.P., St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.

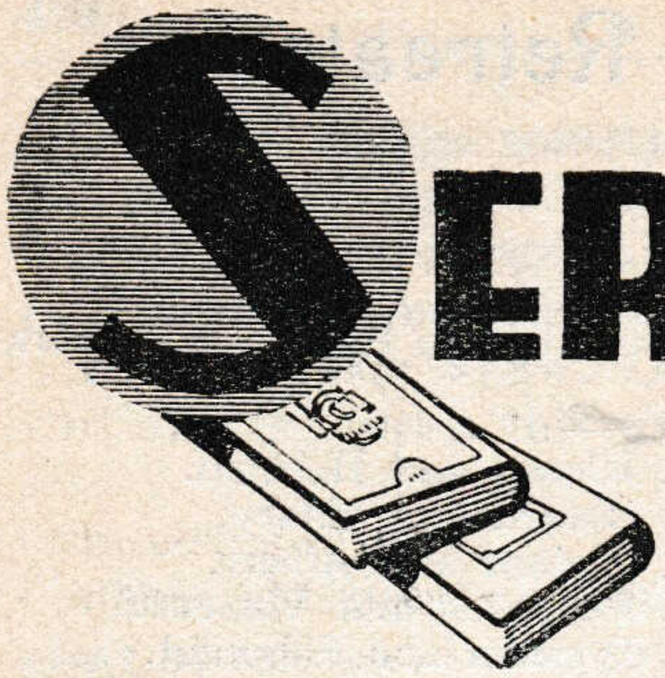
# Scientist Hails Renewal of Catholic Energy

"Be proud to belong to the Church which is so denied, so criticised, so maligned, so ferociously attacked, the object of so much underhand and violent persecution, and which continues her way in the midst of insults unmoved, indefatigable, with her eyes lifted to the sky, and on her lips the continuous murmur of psalms and hymns. She was thought dead, but she is more alive than ever."

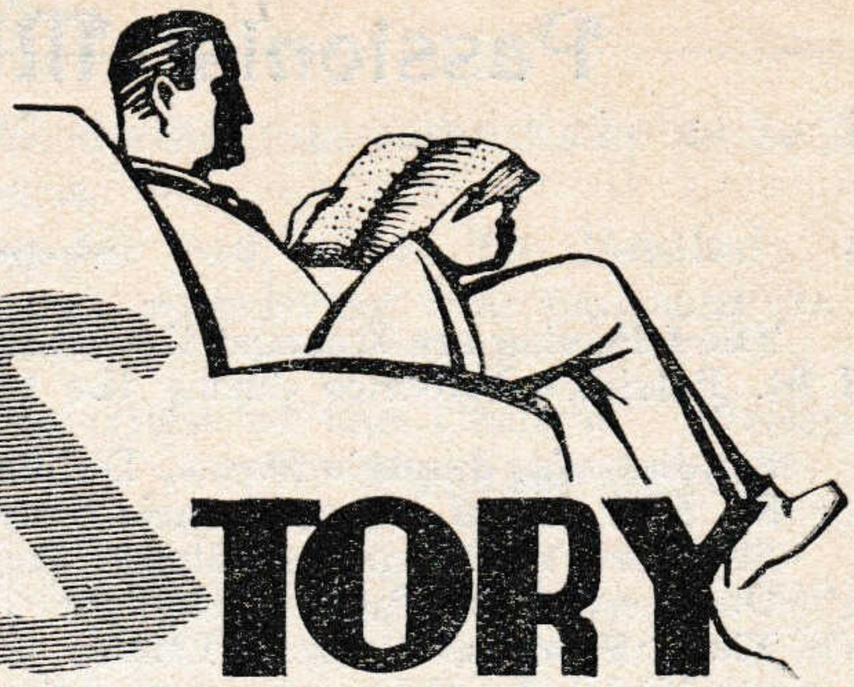
This advice was given by M. Pierre Termier, president of the French Geological Society, at the Congress of the Catholic Students' Federation.

"Writers and thinkers among the greatest, poets among the purest, artists among the most exalted, and scientists among the boldest bow their heads to her in humble salutation," said the famous scientist ; "and some of them who have found their paths by feeling along in the darkest shadows and who have come back from long journeys, as soon as they set foot on the parvis of her temples, fall to their knees and weep.

"Your groups so numerous and so active are but a manifestation of that renewal of Catholic energy which is so touching to all humanity. Thirty years ago they would have been impossible ; to-day they appear quite natural ; to-morrow they will set a rule for the world and then the truth which men who did not realise what they were doing have torn away from the masses of the people, from the workers, from the poor, from those whom Christ most loved in the course of His terrestrial sojourn—the truth will be restored to all our brothers, to the most lowly as well as the most gifted."



# SERIAL STORY



# The Faith of Rosamund ~

*ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON*

CHAPTER III—*Rosamund gives a Party.*

ROSAMUND ANDERSON, coming swiftly out of Mitchell's—Rosamund was always in a hurry—nearly collided with a quietly-dressed girl who was just going in.

"Hello, Teresa!"

"Oh, Rosamund, is it you? How are you?"

"Rushing round as usual, my dear. I'm giving a party to-night—will you come along and join the crowd? Do—there's a dear! I've come in for a fortune and must celebrate!"

"Oh, Rosamund! Are you in earnest?"

"Well, perhaps it's hardly what you would call a FORTUNE—not like winning the Sweep. But I will have about two hundred a year—or a little more."

"*I* would call that a fortune—and a good one! Congrats., Rosamund!"

"Thanks. And now what are you doing here? Isn't this your lunch hour and do you lunch at Mitchell's? Have they raised your screw or has fortune also smiled on you?"

"Neither! It is my lunch hour, but I do not lunch here. I am going in to buy a special cake for a sick friend."

"I see. Well—what about to-night? You will come—won't you?"

"I don't know. You see, Rosamund—"

"Oh, I know what you are going to say. You think my parties wicked—just because I have cocktails sometimes. You little saint. But do come to-night—just for this once."

"Very well!"

"That's right! Eight o'clock—or any hour after. Cheerio till then!"

Teresa Enright stood for a moment looking after the flying figure. Very lovely was Rosamund as she raced down Grafton Street in her pretty frock, her hat put on at the perfect angle, her slim legs clad in silken hose, her painted toe-nails making a red splash in the latest fashion in sandals. A greater contrast to the girl who stood looking after her could hardly have been found.

Not that Teresa Enright was plain—far from it. But she dressed quietly and was reserved in manner. The two girls had been at school together in France and had always been friends ever since. Both had to earn their own living when school-days were over. Rosamund had chosen the thorny path of literature; she wrote stories for magazines—many of which came back like homing pigeons; she wrote up "interviews," even did some advertising literature—in fact, was glad of anything to keep the pot boiling. She had one book to her credit, but it had not been a success, and her last effort had been returned just before she heard of her unexpected bit of good fortune. She had got into a rather silly set of would-be intellectuals, and her intercourse with them had to some extent undermined her character. She was not strong-willed and could be easily led.

Teresa Enright was quite different. She was a good Catholic, putting her religion above everything else. She often felt sorry for Rosamund, who

had no definite religious faith. She had been sent to the Convent School in France to perfect her French, but Rosamund's people were Protestants—and indifferent ones at that. Teresa was employed as cashier and book-keeper by a big city firm. She was hard working and ambitious, very methodical and business-like. Used to this business routine, the careless, easy-going ways of her friend never ceased to astonish her. In fact, they were complete contrasts, as is so often the case with friends.

Yet both girls were attracted by Desmond Mallory. At that very moment, Teresa was thinking: "I wonder will Desmond be there to-night?"

IT so happened that an acquaintance called to see Teresa that evening and stayed until after eight o'clock. She did not like to plead an appointment, as she had often asked this girl to come and see her, and now wished to make her welcome. But the visitor delayed her so much that it was just nine o'clock when she reached Rosamund's flat, situated at the top of a big Georgian house in one of the old city squares. Sounds of laughter and singing assailed her ears as she entered and stood at the door for a moment gazing at the scene within.

A good many were there, most of them were young and all were dressed in rather careless fashion. Their clothes looked as if they had been flung at them; the men wore their hair rather long and the women wore theirs decidedly short, while their lips, finger-nails and toe-nails were all of varying shades of scarlet. Many of the girls had bare legs and feet.

A dense cloud of smoke, combined with the fumes of alcohol, met Teresa on the threshold, as she stood there, hesitating slightly. Rosamund ran forward in her impulsive way.

"Oh, it's the little saint at last!" she cried.

To Teresa's embarrassment, a score of eyes were fastened on her then, and one young man, in rather a thick voice, remarked that it was "a queer place for a saint to visit."

"Come along—don't mind these people!" said Rosamund. "Here is an old friend waiting to speak to you. Here, Desmond—come and talk to Teresa!"

And Desmond Mallory turning round, saw Teresa as she crossed the room with Rosamund. She was wearing a simply-made frock, blue in colour—Our Lady's blue—and it suited her perfectly. Teresa had grey eyes, and her dark hair, worn long and drawn into a soft knot at the back, accentuated her saint-like simplicity. Anyone more out of place in this noisy flat it would be hard to conceive.

Desmond Mallory did not come forward, he pretended not to hear what Rosamund was saying, and turning his back, went on shaking a cocktail. And, in a flash, Teresa knew the reason why he did not want to speak to her.

ROSAMUND had been claimed by some of the others, so Teresa was left alone. She found herself seated beside an untidy-looking young man who stared at her as if she were an unknown quantity.

"You have not been here before?" he asked.

"No!" replied Teresa, briefly. In her own mind she was thinking that this was her first and last time at one of Rosamund's parties.

Then the young man spoke again, and his words nearly caused her to jump out of her chair, under the impression that he must be an escaped lunatic.

"Do you believe in God?" asked this individual.

Could he be jesting? And about such a subject? But no. His expression was serious, gloomy, depressed. He was like one whose only diet had been the apples of the Dead Sea.

"Why—of course!" The big grey eyes stared at him, and he stared back. He was about to say something more when the radio burst into jazz.

"What about a spot of dancing?"

he invited, rising from his feet and tossing his hair back.

Teresa shook her head decidedly.

"I only dance Irish dances," she replied.

He laughed as at a good joke, and turning to the others, cried out: "I say—here's a young lady who only dances Irish dances!"

THERE was a roar of laughter, in the midst of which, Rosamund, who saw that her friend was uncomfortable, mounted a chair and called for silence.

"Now, people, listen! Leave my little friend alone. She is not your kind and I won't have her teased. Besides I want to take names for my first week-end party at Rose Cottage. Yes—it is called Rose Cottage, and I have a housekeeper who looked after Noah when he was in the Ark! But she is a dear old fossil, and I won't have her annoyed either. Come on, now—who will come this week-end? Let us have the names—and then for another spot of dancing and a few more drinks."

"Don't know 'bout more dancin' if there's any more drink!"

Teresa turned at the sound of the voice. Thick and uncertain though it was at the moment, she knew that Desmond was speaking, and the next instant she found herself looking at his swaying figure and lack-lustre eyes.

"Hello, Tess!"

She did not reply, and as he looked at her more closely and read the reproach—the pity—in her expression, and noticed too, that she drew slightly away from him, Desmond Mallory was partially sobered for the moment.

"Look here, Tess—I—I'm sorry. I——"

But he spoke to the empty air. Teresa had gone, speeding swiftly down the stairs, her one thought being to wipe the dust of the place from her feet for ever. Out in the pure air, away from the poisoned atmosphere of the flat—poison, physical and moral—she sighed with relief. But the next moment her face clouded.

"Poor Desmond—God help him!" she murmured.

NEXT MONTH:

CHAPTER IV—*Bernard takes a Hand.*

# St. Joseph

## His Titles and Privileges

The following quotations were compiled by Cardinal Vaughan:

He is the adopted father of the God-Man.—*St. Luke.*

He is the most faithful coadjutor of the Incarnation.—*St. Bernard.*

He is one whose office belongs to the order of the Hypostatic Union.—*Suarez.*

He is lord and master of the Holy Family.—*St. Bernardine.*

He is the only one found worthy among men to be the spouse of Mary.—*St. Gregory.*

He is the consoler of Mary in her sorrow and trials.—*St. Bernard.*

He is the saviour of the life of the Infant.—*St. Matthew.*

He is the saviour of the honour of Christ's Mother.—*St. Jerome.*

He is the man who lived thirty years with Jesus and Mary. He is the man more loved by Jesus and Mary than any other creature.—*St. Isidore.*

He is the third person of the earthly trinity.—*Gerson.*

He is the model and image of apostolic men.—*St. Hilary.*

He is more an angel than a man in conduct.—*Lapide.*

He is the model of priests and superiors.—*St. Albertus Magnus.*

He is the master of prayer and of the interior life.—*St. Teresa.*

He is the guardian of chastity and the honour of virginity.—*St. Augustine.*

He is the leader of the great procession of the afflicted.—*Avia.*

He is the patron of the married state.—*Paul de Pal.*

He is the procurator of the Church of God.—*Little Office of St. Joseph.*

He is the patron of a happy death.—*St. Alphonsus.*

He is the patron of the Universal Catholic Church.

## GERMANY.

### Progress of Congregation.

The Passionists in Germany, although a canonical Province has not yet been erected, continue to make excellent progress. They have now three Retreats, *viz.*, Pasing, near Munich; Maria Schutz, Semmering, near Vienna; and Schwarzenfeld, Oberpfalz. The number of priests is now eighteen, whilst there are ten students, eight lay-brothers, five novices and thirteen postulants, making a total of fifty-four.

## IRELAND.

### Profession of Novices.

On Sunday, January 23rd, at St. Gabr el's Retreat, The Graan, Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh, the following novices made their religious profession at the hands of V. Rev. Fr. Michael, C.P., Master of Novices :—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Conf. | Mark (Keenan), C.P. | Newry |
| ,, | Xavier (Kelleghan), C.P. | Navan |
| ,, | Martin (Claffey), C.P. | Co. Westmeath |
| ,, | Canice (Timmins), C.P. | Dublin |
| ,, | Bernard (Ryan), C.P. | Dublin |
| ,, | Robert (McIntee), C.P. | Glasgow |

### Radio Address on St. Gabriel.

On Sunday, February 27th, Rev. Fr. Edmund, C.P., Managing Editor of *The Cross* will deliver a radio address on "St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows" from Radio Eireann (531 m.) at 6.5 p.m. The address will commemorate the centenary of the birth of St. Gabriel.

## ITALY.

### Memorial to Fr. Fulgentius, C.P.

An interesting ceremony took place recently at Pereta, the birthplace of Fr. Fulgentius, C.P., one of the first companions of St. Paul of the Cross. A marble tablet, commemorating his name and his virtues was placed over the baptismal font where he was baptised. Mgr. Stanislaus Battistelli, C.P., Bishop of the diocese, preached a special discourse in which he recalled in eloquent terms the life and the virtues of the Servant of God. The following is a translation of the inscription on the tablet : "In this sacred edifice, the Servant of God, Fr. Fulgentius of Jesus, Passionist, a member of the Pastorelli family of Pereta, received holy Baptism and exercised for the first time the sacred ministry. He was a faithful companion of St. Paul of the Cross, whose extraordinary virtues he imitated and whose labours and anxieties he shared, both in the apostolate and in the foundation of the Institute. Born at Pereta : 17 June, 1710—Died at Orbetello : 16 April, 1755."

## SPAIN.

### Re-appearance of "El Pasionario."

A welcome arrival on the post during the past month was the Spanish Passionist periodical from Santander, *El Pasionario*, the publication of which had been suspended since the outbreak of the Civil War in July, 1936. The issue was dated 1st August, 1936, and on an explanatory slip inserted in the periodical, the Editor explains that the issue was fully printed and made ready for despatch on the very eve of the Civil War. Having duly considered the matter, it was considered advisable to mail the issue to subscribers as usual, as many of them will wish to preserve this as a souvenir of a historic occasion. Our cordial congratulations to *El Pasionario* upon the resumption of its activities.

### . . . and of "El Labaro"

A few days later copies of *El Labaro*, another Spanish Passionist periodical, also came to hand. Formerly edited from Barcelona, the present issues are published from Zaragoza, and contain much interesting and informative material relative to the Spanish War. To *El Labaro* also, our felicitations.

## THE CHURCH IN CHINA.

Catholics in China numbered 1,000,000 in 1907 ;
They had increased to 2,000,000 in 1921 ;
To-day they number 3,000,000.
There are now 1,835 native priests in China, and
Almost 1,000 Chinese students are preparing in major seminaries for the priesthood.
Last year there were 106,316 adult conversions in China, and
There are now over 500,000 catechumens awaiting instruction and baptism.

—*The Far East.*

## ST. CHRISTOPHER.

*Why is St. Christopher regarded as the Patron Saint of motorists and travellers?*—"Traveller" (Dublin).

The word "Christopher" means "Christ-bearer." Although St. Christopher is one of the most popular saints in the East and West, little certain is known about his life or death. An ancient legend tells that he was converted to the Christian faith after an impious life. Being an enormously strong man, the task he undertook was to carry people across a dangerous stream. One day he was carrying a child who grew heavier as they walked into the stream until it seemed as if the whole world were on his shoulders. This child then made himself known as the Creator and Redeemer of the world. To prove his statement, he told Christopher to fix his staff on the ground. The next morning it had grown into a palm tree bearing fruit. The miracle converted many, but this so enraged the king that he had Christopher put to death. This Greek legend belongs to the Sixth Century, and three hundred years later we find it spread throughout France. The existence of a martyr, St. Christopher, cannot be doubted, as was sufficiently shown by the Jesuit, Nicholas Serarius, and by Molanus. In 1386, a brotherhood was founded under the patronage of St. Christopher in Tyrol and Vorarlberg to guide travellers over the Arlberg. Since that time the saint has been consistently honoured throughout the world as the patron of travellers, and in our days it has become a Catholic custom to invoke his patronage over motorists. He is the patron saint of Baden, Brunswick and Mecklenburg.

## WOMEN IN CHURCH

*Is it a law of the Church that women should have their heads covered in church? If so, does this apply to all countries?*"—"M.A.B." (Co. Cork).

St. Paul spoke very strongly on this point in his Epistle to the Corinthians, and definitely forbade any woman to come to church bare-headed (1 Cor. II, 5-11). Canon Law repeats this prohibition in these words: "Let women have their heads covered, and let them be modestly attired, especially when they approach the Altar rails." As this is a law of the whole Church, it must apply without distinction of person or place.

## STATIONS OF THE CROSS.

*Occasionally I wish to make the Stations of the Cross when I cannot visit the church, or even at night when the church is closed. Can I gain the indulgences by saying the prescribed prayers and using a crucifix blessed for the purpose?*—D.D. (Dublin).

The blessed crucifix may be used for gaining the indulgences of the Stations of the Cross whenever access to a church is impossible from any *reasonable* cause. A reasonable cause is not necessarily grave. Therefore, in the circumstances you mention, you may gain the indulgences by reciting the prescribed prayers and using a blessed crucifix.

## CHARITY.

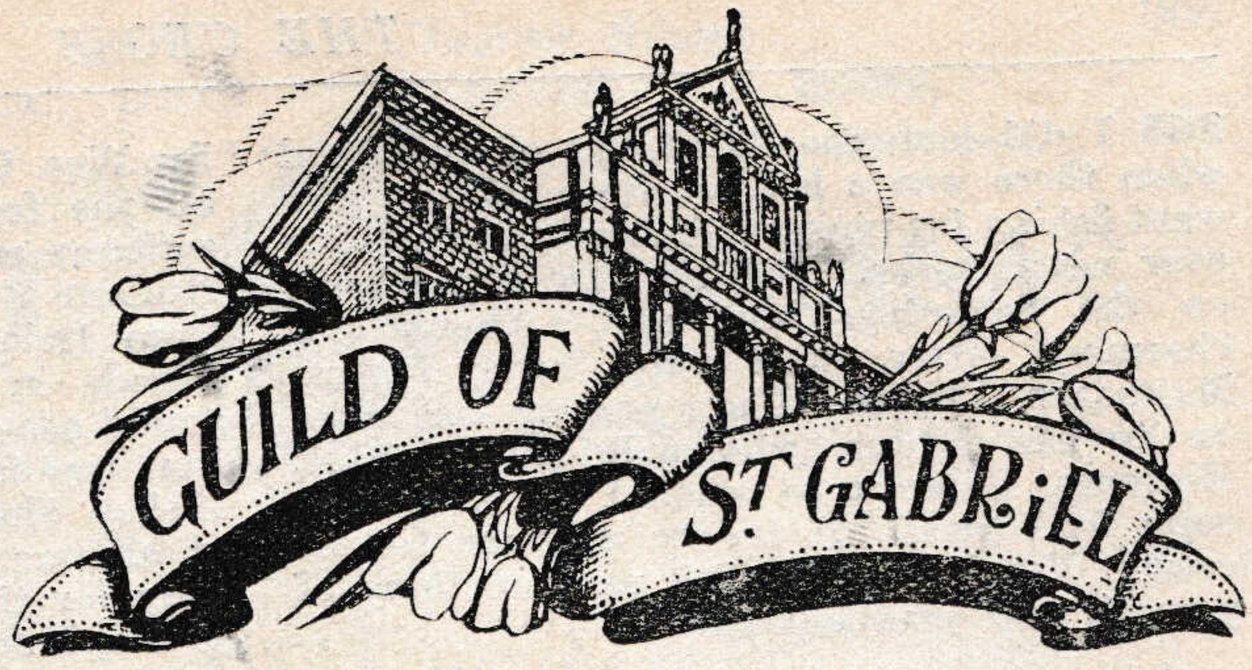
*I promised to give a certain amount of my earnings to charitable purposes. May I fulfil that promise by assisting needy relatives?*—"Doubtful" (Dublin).

Your promise to contribute a certain percentage of your income to charitable purposes can be fulfilled by giving to relatives who are in need. One must not overlook the necessities of one's household or relations in favour of strangers, unless the need of the latter is more pressing.

## GREGORIAN MASSES.

*I have been told about the Masses which are said for thirty consecutive days. Would you kindly advise me about them, especially the benefit to be derived from them?*—P. E. G. (Co. Meath).

Masses offered up on thirty consecutive days for the soul of a deceased person are usually called Gregorian Masses. The origin of this practice is found in the example of St. Gregory the Great who, after the death of one of his monks, ordered thirty Masses to be said for his soul. After the celebration of the thirtieth Mass the departed religious appeared to some of his brethren and told them that he was now in Heaven. Tradition also has it that St. Gregory asked of God that a plenary indulgence be granted to the soul for whom thirty Masses would be offered, and that God heard his prayer. The Church does not attribute extraordinary efficacy to the celebration of Gregorian Masses, but approves the pious and reasonable confidence which the faithful have in these Masses that, through the Mercy of God, the soul for whom they are offered will be liberated from Purgatory.




FOR YOUNG READERS OF "THE CROSS."

**Conducted by Francis.**

RULES OF THE GUILD.

I. The Guild of St. Gabriel is a literary circle: open to boys and girls under 19 years of age.

II. The members will endeavour to spread devotion to St. Gabriel by practising the virtues of purity, charity and obedience, in imitation of their patron.

III. They will try to enrol new members.

BUDS bursting forth upon the trees, the gentle though barely-perceptible unfolding of the leaves in the rays of golden sunlight, and the spirit of hope within the land, whisper of the beauty of springtime, of its joy, of its promise, and the endless goodness of our Creator. All beauty comes from His Hands, the slender daffodil, the shimmering crocus, the pale primrose—loveliness of flower-life, and green of field, the joyousness of lambs upon the hills, and the laughter of children. All are traces of His benevolence and His love for us. Through such things we find God if we but seek Him. The March-time days bear us to the Feast of St. Patrick, the well-loved Patron of our Ireland. The more we study his life, and trace his footsteps the more we become impressed by the greatness of his ministry. There is hardly a spot in Ireland that he has not traversed and sanctified. Everywhere we come across places and monuments bearing his name and full of associations and memories of his stay. Old churches, old stones and holy wells, that speak to the centuries of our beloved Saint who led our people from the night of Pagan darkness to the glory and dawn of Christianity. The debt we owe to him is incalculable. Glory and praise to his name for ever more!

**MY POST BAG.**

A fine fat post bag has come this month. My heart leaps with joy as I go through all the letters of my little friends: they bring me the fragrance of spring and the music of bird songs. There was a great response to our competitions this time, and numerous papers arrived. Such a tremendous number of essays on "Why I Love the Birds of Spring" lies before me. The spring birds appear to have inspired many members of the Guild. PAT PALMER'S composition has a charm all its own. During the course of his essay he says: "During the inclement days of winter robin gave a brave chirp, but now his chirping has merged into a carol of clear-spun notes. Sparrows twittering in the hedge are bubbling over with the joy of the young year—'fuzz, fuzz, fuzz' they go, 'spring is here—rejoice and be glad.' Jenny Wren bursts out in a gay hurry, sweet and jubilant. Her song is almost a laugh. The starling's mimicry is never so aggressive as when the sun is returning: he expresses his joy in bravado. From high above the damp pasture comes sweetly unwinding the silver strain of the lark's song. 'How lovely is the spring' she sings. Golden tassels on the saughs, bluebells in the corries, primroses in the braes." Is not that a delightful word-picture of bird life and spring? What became of Pat's little note to *Francis*? Wait until I lay hands on Charlie. I was delighted with MARY PALMER'S essay and letter. I am glad she has not laid her pen aside, and that in the midst of her household tasks she can still steal an hour to devote to the Guild. JOAN O'SULLIVAN sends a very interesting letter. I trust she gets the wish of her heart one day. Pray hard to St. Gabriel and all will be well. A warm welcome to NAN MANGAN of Cahirciveen. I am very pleased with her letter. The archangels are so close to the throne of God their voices are surely heard. Holy Raphael will smile on you now that you have taken his name, Nan. My two dear little friends, CONNIE and MARY FLYNN come dancing into the Guild like happy sunbeams. It is a pleasure to read their letters. We hope to have another drawing competition soon again, Connie, so you can try your luck. Yes, MARY FLYNN, I do like your friend immensely. All the children round Mount Argus have a great *gradh* for him, and his cheery ways. You are right, Mary, I do say that school-days are the happiest days of life, and when a few more years glide by you'll agree with me.

Still I did love the Saturdays of childhood when there was a holiday from school. We went fishing for pinkeens instead of pondering over nasty verbs. Life flew by like a song on the Saturdays long ago. Thanks for charming letter, and very lovely poem, MARGARET FLYNN. I am passing the letter on to the Editor, who will deal with it. However, I like it so much I am keeping a copy for myself. A hearty welcome to our corner, VERA YOUNG. Tell me something of yourself and your doings.

## A NEW MEMBER FROM KERRY.

"For several months past I've been wanting to ask permission to join your Students' Bureau," says TREASA NI BHROLCHAIN, of Kerry. We rejoice to have Treasa in our midst. Her first attempt carries off the prize. Her essay is truly fine for a girl of her years, and I wish I could insert it in the Guild pages, but, alas! space forbids. I do hope you get your wish, Treasa, and that you will find all happiness in the ways that lead ever upwards to the Kingdom of Light. "I need not tell you the great surprise I got," gushes MARY MCANDREW, "when I received the lovely book you sent me—*Mr. Fuzzy and His Friends.* Though I loved the other books you sent me, I like this one the very best, and I am very grateful to you and our own kind Editor." I am glad you found Mr. Fuzzy so entertaining, and hope he will often revive happy memories of St. Gabriel's Guild for you. That is great news about your sister. Her name is very pleasing. I am particularly glad it is an Irish one. May holy St. Aidan guide her footsteps safely on life's narrow pathway until she meet her patron in Heaven. I enjoyed your letter very much, Mary.

## NEWS FROM COLESHILL.

A splendid shoal of letters has come tumbling down on my desk from *St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill, Birmingham.* All our little friends there are going along wonderfully well. It is really marvellous how they all recover there. Several have gone home cured. Praise be to God, and our own St. Gabriel for the miracles worked in St. Gerard's. SYLVIA NEAL is delighted with her prize. She tells me they are all back at school-work in the hospital. MAURICE WEDGE is going home, PETER SWALES says, and all the boys are lonely at the thought of losing him. I was glad to hear from Maurice, too. Why not write to me from your home? Address your letter to the Office of *The Cross.* DENNIS WRIGHT and GEORGE FRANCIS write interesting accounts of a visit paid to the hospital by Wee Georgie Wood, the comedian, and all the funny tricks he played. The little sufferers enjoyed the entertainment so much. ROLAND WRIGHTMAN tells of Bishop Shanahan from Ireland and of his visit to my little friends in St. Gerard's. BETTY MCNULTY would not care to live in a "mud hut with an iron top in the middle of the jungle" like Bishop Shanahan did for two years. Think of all our missionaries have to endure and pray for them every day. Welcome to our corner, KEITH WILLIAMS. That is good news you have, ERIC CAVE. I expect you will soon be well. I am truly delighted with the two charming little letters sent by NANCY DOWNES and VIOLET MOOLEY. VALERIE COURT and IRIS NOBLE are rejoicing in the arrival of spring. The snowdrops and the primroses are already in bloom in Coleshill. Yours is a most interesting letter, AUBREY ROULSTON. I hope you do not feel uncomfortable in that position, Aubrey dear. God grant you perfect health. Do you ever hear from Muriel Brien?

## THE AWARDS.

In the competition for the best essay on "My Favourite Heroine in History and Why?" the prize is divided between MARY PALMER, 123 *North Frederick Street, Glasgow,* and MARY SHERIDAN, *Convent of Mercy, Enniskillen.*

In the competition for the best essay on "Why I love the Birds of Spring" the prize goes to TREASA NI BHROLCHAIN, *Quay Street, Cahirciveen, Co. Kerry.*

In the competition for the best essay on "The Shamrock" the prize is awarded to NAN MANGAN, *St. Joseph's Convent, Cahirciveen, Co. Kerry.*

## APRIL COMPETITIONS.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 16 TO 19—A Prize is offered for the best Easter Legend.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 13 TO 16—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "My School and its surroundings."

FOR MEMBERS UNDER 13—A Prize is offered for the best little letter on Easter Customs.

SEND BEFORE MARCH 10TH.

St. Gabriel's Guild

**COUPON** MAR., 1938

DIXON HEMPENSTALL OPTICIANS

Axpel

12 SUFFOLK STREET